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Oneida Historical Society

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"The Whitestown Country."

1784--1884.

Centennial Celebration of the Settlement
of Whitestown June 5, 1884.

WHITESBORO'S "GOLDEN AGE."

THE WHITESTOWN CENTENNIAL.

PRELIMINARY.

At a meeting of the Oneida Historical Society, held April 10, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

As the fifth day of June, 1884, will complete a century of years since the arrival at Whitesboro, for the purpose of residence, of Hugh White and family, which was the beginning of the first permanent settlement of Oneida County and "the Whitestown Country," it seems fit and becoming in the people of this region to mark the centennial with appropriate observance; and if deemed advisable that it be observed with public addresses and other ceremony, in honor of the heroic men who, throughout the territory, opened the way for their successors, it seems also fit that the Oneida Historical Society should take the initial steps toward the accomplishment of this purpose, therefore

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to confer upon the advisability of such public celebration, and, in case of approval, upon the proper mode of conducting the same, and that they report thereon at the next regular meeting of the Society, said committee to consist of Hons. Samuel Campbell, D. E. Wager, Amos O. Osborn and William M. White and S. N. D. North, Esq.

At the regular meeting of the society, held May 8, 1883, the above named committee reported favorably of a public celebration of the centennial anniversary, to be held at Whitesboro; recommended that a memorial shaft be erected near the first dwelling of Judge Hugh White, which shall be unveiled on the occasion; that the literary exercises consist of a historical address and a dedicatory address, and also of a poem; that the exercises conclude with a collation for invited guests, to be followed by brief addresses and reminiscences; that the Historical Society appoint a committee,

broader in its embrace than its own membership, and large enough for subdivision, which shall have charge of the arrangements for the celebration, raise the necessary funds and carry out the programme, independent of the Historical Society; and lastly for the accomplishment of these purposes, they recommended the following committee, viz.:

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| Samuel Campbell, Chairman, of Whitestown. | Luther Guiteau, of Trenton. |
| Wm. D. Walcott, of Whitestown. | Fred. G. Weaver, of Deerfield. |
| L. L. Wight, of Whitestown. | Wm. M. White, of Utica. |
| George Williams, of Whitestown. | A. T. Goodwin, of Utica. |
| George Graham, of Oriskany. | John F. Seymour, of Utica. |
| Rich. U. Shearman, of New Hartford. | C. W. Hutchinson, of Utica. |
| Wm. S. Bartlett, of Clinton. | M. M. Jones, of Utica. |
| John L. Dean, of Westmoreland. | Ellis H. Roberts, of Utica. |
| A. P. Case, of Vernon. | D. W. C. Grove, of Utica. |
| D. G. Dorrance, of Oneida Castle. | A. L. Woodruff, of Utica. |
| A. O. Osborn, of Waterville. | Thos. Foster, of Utica. |
| D. E. Wager, of Rome. | M. M. Bagg, of Utica. |
| A. C. Kessinger, of Rome. | Theo. S. Sayre, of Utica. |

The committee's report was approved and adopted.

Without further action on the part of the society, preparation for the celebration was taken in hand by the committee, assisted by local sub-committees of their appointment; every portion of the programme was provided for, and when the day arrived was most successfully carried out.

THE CELEBRATION.

On the 5th of June, 1884, the beautiful village of Whitesboro, the seat of the day's festivities, presented its most attractive appearance. Its long, wide main avenue, lined with commodious residences and spacious grounds, and embowered by noble old trees, rich in midsummer foliage, gave the centennial settlement that peculiar charm which recalls its New England lineage. The day was exceptionally pleasant. The whole village was gay with holiday attire in which its hospitable citizens had decked it, in honor of the Whitestown birthday.

The guests from the surrounding country soon began to arrive. They came on the street cars of the Utica and Whitesboro railroad, by the canal steamers and the trains of the New York Central, while a continuous stream of vehicles occupied the roads leading to the ancient county seat.

The literary exercises of the day were conducted on a large platform, suitably decorated, standing in the center of the public "Green" fronting the old Court House. That noted edifice, now the Town Hall, swarmed with visitors registering their names, and busy directors. At the sides of the park the ladies of several of the churches had erected tasteful booths amply provided with refreshments for the thirsty and hungry.

The monument was the center of observation throughout the day. It stands near the middle of the north side of the park. It is a symmetrical shaft of Quincy granite, rising nearly thirty feet from the base, having on the north face a polished shield in relief, bearing the inscription,

TO COMMEMORATE
THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF WHITESTOWN
BY HUGH WHITE AND FAMILY,
JUNE, 1784.

On the base is the lettering,

"ERECTED 1884."

The monument cost about \$1,500. The additional expenses of the celebration raised the amount to about \$2,100. Of this amount William M. White contributed \$500, and members of the White family \$500 more. The remainder was raised through the personal solicitation of Thomas Foster and other members of the committee, and was contributed by about a dozen persons.

The space within hearing distance of the platform was occupied by benches, where comfortably seated under the shade of the trees, the assembled throng listened with the closest interest to the addresses and poem. The platform was occupied by Hon. Samuel Campbell, President Dunham, the speakers, members of the committee and many ladies.

About a hundred carriages lined the park, and from three to four thousand persons were present.

The Whitestown band, carrying fourteen pieces, furnished the music of the day, assisted by the Oriskany Cornet Band of fifteen pieces. Both bands were uniformed in blue and buff. The New York Mills band also contributed their share of the music.

At 11.20, Chairman Campbell called the assemblage to order. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. D. G. Corey, of Utica, who for 44 years has been pastor of the Bleecker street Baptist Church.

Hon. Charles Tracy, of New York, was then introduced and delivered the historical address, which was most attentively listened to, the old settlers crowding up the steps of the stand to hear.

THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. CHARLES TRACY.

A hundred years! How such a period marks the earth and its people with changes. It sweeps away three generations, and hardly does one man who breathed at the beginning of the grand cycle live five score years and watch its ending.

On a bright day in June, 1784, Hugh White, ascending the Mohawk river in a boat, reached the mouth of the Sadaqueda Creek and there landed, at the spot since known as the Point. With some of his sturdy sons he stepped into the vast forest stretching north, west and south to the bounds of the State of New York, unbroken by any civilized settlement, without a natural prairie, and hardly opened to the sun except by a few scattered patches of Indian clearings. But they came to stay, and did stay. The fourth, fifth and sixth generations of his line witness to-day the centennial of that landing and the due honors rendered to those whose dust rests in peace in the fair land they won and reclaimed and beautified.

This hundred of years includes three-eighths of the whole period from the first landing of English emigrants on the American coast down to the present day.

The bold settlement of Manhattan Island by the Hollanders, and the establishment of their colonies along the Hudson and a part of the Mohawk, attracted emigrants from their own country and from Germany, before the British succeeded to the government; but after the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam had become the English province of New York, the difference of language hindered the infusion of British emigrants among the people. At the breaking out of the revolution the Hollanders in the valley of the Mohawk extended not many miles above Schenectady, from whence up to German Flats and Frankfort there were only Germans speaking their native tongue. The two peoples in the valley were similar in character and habits, and were in mutual friendship, but their dialects differed, and were distinguished as low Dutch and high Dutch. They held a region of remarkable fertility and beauty on both sides of the river, and there they cut down the woods, made roads and bridges, built houses and

churches, and cultivated their fruitful fields; and in the winter, when sleighing came, they "rode" their wheat to the town on the Hudson, now the city of Albany. They were in comfort, and were contented.

But the great struggle of the Revolutionary war, and its wonderful success, aroused a spirit of enterprise throughout the union, and as soon as peace was proclaimed thousands of New Englanders were ready to go beyond the existing Mohawk paradise, and attack the primeval forest, which, as they had heard, covered a broad area of rich soil. Hugh White was the man fitted by nature and chosen by providence to take the lead in this great enterprise. He was a substantial farmer of Middletown, Connecticut, fifty-one years old, with good habits, perfect integrity and ample vigor, promptitude, courage and mental force.

Things were prepared for his hands. One Hugh Wallace had held a tract of 6,000 acres by grant from the British provincial government, sometimes known as Wallace's patent. It lay in this valley, extending from the mouth of the Sadaqueda, at the Point, along up the Mohawk river and back from it on each side, including a remarkable combination of interval with higher level plains and gently rising hills. The Indian title to this land had been lawfully acquired by purchase under the sanction of the provincial government, according to the just and honest course of dealing with the Indians which always prevailed from the days of the first Dutch emigration. Wallace was a merchant in the city of New York, and a member of the British governor's council. The Americans once "apprehended" him; but after holding him prisoner in Connecticut for some time Governor Turnbull released him, and he returned to New York and resumed his seat in the council. His being a clear case of treason, the New York State Legislature, in the midst of the war, on the 22d day of October, 1779, passed a special act in which his name was included with some other like offenders. It opens thus: "Whereas, during the present unjust and cruel war, waged by the King of Great Britain, against this State, and the other United States of America, divers persons holding or claiming property within this State, have voluntarily been adherent to the said King, his fleets and armies, enemies to this State and the said other United States, with intent to subvert the government and liberties of this State and the said other United States, and to bring the same in subjection, to the crown of Great Britain; and whereas the public justice and safety of this State absolutely require, that the most

notorious offenders should be immediately hereby convicted and attained of the offense aforesaid, in order to work a forfeiture of their respective estates, and vest the same in the people of this State." It then proceeds to enact that certain persons named, among them being this Hugh Wallace, "be, and each of them are hereby severally declared to be, *ipso facto*, convicted and attained of the offense aforesaid; and that all and singular the estate, both real and personal, held or claimed by them, the said persons severally and respectively, whether in possession, reversion or remainder, within this State, on the day of the passing of this act, shall be, and hereby is declared to be, forfeited to and invested in the people of this State." It further enacted that all said persons be forever banished from this State, and that if any one of them should ever be found in this State "he should suffer death without benefit of clergy."

Thus Wallace's patent became the property of the State of New York by the best title known to the law.

Shortly afterwards, in the same year, the State, by its Commissioners of Forfeitures, sold this tract of land to Zephaniah Platt, Ezra L'Hommedieu, Melanethon Smith and Hugh White jointly, and the property became better known as Sadaqueda Patent, thus taking the name of the beautiful stream already mentioned.

The Indian name of this creek signifies "the stream of smooth pebbles," and the savages pronounced it Saghdagnaite. The French, who first wrote it, in their usual way shortened the name into Sauquoite, and pronounced it Sow-quait. The English afterwards wrote it and pronounced it Sadaqueda, and so it appears in maps and deeds through a long period. More recently the custom has been to use the French spelling but to apply to it an English pronunciation, and "*Saw-quoit*" prevails.

Platt, L'Hommedieu, Smith and White divided the land between themselves. As Mr. White agreed to be the pioneer and settle on the ground, he was justly favored in the division, both as to choice of location and as to price, and he wisely chose the eastern part, taking in the creek and its valleys and plains on both sides from the Point up to site of New York Mills, and he also purchased other grounds on the west side of his allotment; so that his possessions took in the "Green" where we now stand, and a valuable part of the site of this village and the graceful hills that rise on its borders.

It is now full five score years since Hugh White thus entered

upon his portion of the land. In the following year, 1785, he brought hither all his family and set up his home. The annual spring freshet of 1785 having surrounded the place near the Point, where he landed in 1784, he chose a spot on the plain near where we now are, and put up a temporary dwelling, which afterwards was succeeded by a substantial frame house, sided with boards brought from Schenectady. The soil about the house he cleared of every tree and shrub, except three maple saplings which had grown there from wild seed, and as he afterwards used to say, they were then not bigger than his whip stock. These were left to grow into shade trees. Their irregular positions and unequal distances show they never were planted by the hand of man, but they stand there now in nature's order, three remarkable trees, with an average diameter of three feet. Although a century has made its marks on their trunks and tops, and although they were bored for the sap and yielded sugar in many successive years, and one of them has lost so much timber that it looks now like a crippled giant, trying to stand on his last leg and keep up till the coming of this day's rejoicing, yet they are in full leaf to-day and retain some remnant of the beauty for which thousands have admired them. The old farm house has been transformed, but these three venerable sugar maples stand before us as living witnesses of the olden time. (See note A.)

Hugh White's house on this plain was built on the Connecticut model, which differed widely from that of the Dutch. The Dutch house had a long front, with less depth, a chimney at each end rising above the high gable and a roofed piazza along the front called by them a "stoop"—a word of theirs which has now become American. The Connecticut house had nearly a square form and a large chimney stack in the middle. To this day the former lingers in the lower valley, and some of the latter remain in Whitestown. The two styles distinguishable at a distance, show whether a Dutchman or a Yankee was the builder. The Tory refugees who sailed from New York harbor, in the autumn of 1783, were of both the races; and in the valley of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, where King George gave them lands for their consolation in adversity, the tourist of to-day may see how the two races followed their respective old usages in the style of their dwellings.

Mr. White and his sons proceeded with diligence to cut away the forest and convert their possessions into farms. The soil was absolutely perfect, yielding crops in quantity and quality far beyond their New England experience.

In later days botanists found that the native flora between the Oriskany and Sadaqueda creeks was remarkably extensive and interesting.

News of White's settlement in this goodly region was not slow in spreading through his native land. Farmers who had worn out plows and hoes among rocks and stones, with scant reward, welcomed the thought of a soil freely worked and yielding better crops. One of the original brown bread eaters of the east inquired, among other things, whether those wondrous lands bore good rye? and White answered, "I don't know: wheat is good enough for me." The war had left the country much wasted in regard to its material condition, but rich in active men, and a flow of emigration soon started hitherward. The only accessible place where good wild land could be found in this State, was west of the German settlements on the Mohawk, and hence this patent was the natural point of pursuit. The Mohawk valley, with its navigable river and its roads, formed the only practicable line of approach, and thus White's settlement was the very key of the position. Hither they came, first from Connecticut, next from all New England, with some from Long Island and New Jersey, followed later by people of the Old World. Soon there were farms, houses, mills, and villages, at attractive points for a hundred miles westward. Later came the era of turnpike roads, which helped much in the teaming over a soft deep soil. The river was used only the more for freighting. The movement went on without check or slackening, and the new country became an established and permanent reality.

The Oneida Indians were a friendly people. They came often to see what was going on in the new settlement and to do a little traffic. Mr. White was always kind and wise in his intercourse with them, and prompt to decide and act. One of their chiefs after a few years' acquaintance craftily put his confidence to a hard test. This chief after some palaver with avowals of his great esteem, asked for a loan of Mr. White's baby granddaughter, promising to bring her back in a few days and in the meantime to take good care of her. "Take her," said White, "I know you will do as you say." The mother's tears and bursting heart resisted in vain. The little one was picked up by the squaws, and soon was out of sight in the woods. There were long hours by day and longer by night while the child's place was empty. But at last the chief proudly came again, with a procession of squaws, bringing the child, well and happy, bound in a frame like a pap-

poose and glittering with Indian finery and trinkets. From that hour Hugh White was worshiped by the Oneidas.

Years afterwards, when Whitesboro was an established and beautiful village, and the Oneidas had withdrawn from its vicinity, there still was to be seen occasionally a tall, slender Indian marching down in the middle of the street, followed by his family in single file, he bearing no load but a long, fresh, spear shaft which he held perpendicularly, his form erect, his step high, his air proud; the women in blankets, bearing on their backs large packs held by bands across their foreheads, walking bent and parrot-toed; the younger ones falling into the file behind. It was charming to look upon such a party on its way to the fishing grounds. But when the expedition had become wearisome and the fishing was over, and the visit to the shore had ended in drunkenness and begging, they slunk back homeward by twilight or through wood paths, straggling and shabby.

Until 1784, the greater part of the State was included in Tryon and Schenectady counties and the Hudson river counties, and Long Island and Staten Island were the exceptions. But there was no actual government or civil organization by towns anywhere west of German Flats. In that year the Legislature changed the name from Tryon to Montgomery county, by a statute passed April 2, 1784, but set up no township government. Thus on the first landing at the Point in June, 1784, this patent was in the county of Montgomery. Four years afterwards the necessity of a regular government for the many and fast growing settlements became apparent. The Legislature by an act passed March 7, 1788, among other things, created the town of Whites-town in the county of Montgomery. This town was laid out on a magnificent scale. Its eastern boundary was a straight line crossing the river a short distance below Genesee street bridge, at a log house then standing there, and running thence due north to the River St. Lawrence, and also due south to a small stream near Pennsylvania and down that stream to the Pennsylvania line. All parts of the State lying west of that line were constituted the town of Whitestown. It contained more than twelve million acres of land, navigable head waters of the Mohawk, the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Ohio, the salt springs of Onondaga, the chain of little lakes and Oswego river, the entire valley of the Genesee with its upper and lower falls, and also the grand cataract of Niagara. Its frontage on great lakes and rivers was not short of four hundred miles in length.

The map now shown is the ordinary map of the State published the present year, 1884. Red ink has been added to show the bounds of the town in 1788. It goes now into the collection of the Oneida Historical Society. Within the original limits of Whitestown there are now a dozen cities, our own Utica being the eldest and by far the most handsome and attractive; and half as many colleges, our own Hamilton being first and leader; and more than a million of inhabitants and untold wealth.

The original town did not long retain its vast dimensions. In 1789 a slice was cut off at the west end to make the county of Ontario. In 1792 the towns of Steuben, Westmoreland, Paris, Mexico and Peru were set off; but the autonomy of Whitestown, with its town meeting, justices, clerk and elections, never ceased. Utica was set off in 1817, and New Hartford in 1827. The residue remains nearly as it was in 1806, when Peleg Gifford made his survey and published his map.

In 1791 Herkimer county was created. It included nearly the whole of Montgomery county west of Little Falls, and Whitesboro was its county seat, in which the first court was held. Ten years afterwards Oneida county was created, taking in the greater part of Herkimer county. In this instance the name for the new county was determined by a little gathering held here. It was a Whitesboro man who proposed to depart from the usual custom and take the name of the Indian tribe, the original people of the region still dwelling around the New England settlements; and thus came the smooth and graceful style of Oneida county. This good example was followed in other cases.

Hugh White, the pioneer, was not a seeker of public position. He once was appointed justice of the peace; and afterwards the governor appointed him one of the judges of the county, and he served several years as such judge, with approbation and honor. Age at length inclined him to retirement and quiet.

The last summons found him at his post. On the 16th day of April, 1812, while those three maple trees were putting forth their buds for the season, Judge White, on his own domain, peacefully yielded up his breath, in the eightieth year of his age. His, venerated widow seventeen years afterwards, at the same season, passed away in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

This village early took the name of Whitesboro. Its broad avenue was made by voluntary cessions, enlarging the width beyond the original four rods of a country road to a full one hundred feet, and was early planted with shade trees on each side.

The first church was reared by "The United Society of Whites-town and Utica," on the site of the present brick church. Although it was a wooden building, it was well designed by a competent amateur architect, divided by columns into nave and aisles, with Roman arches, tall windows, a pulpit with sounding board above, a music loft, a graceful belfry and a bright tinned steeple. The carpenter may have failed in some details, but the result was comely, and for a long period it was an attractive structure. A sweet bell, added in due time, was rung at six o'clock to arouse the sleepers, at noon it called to dinner, and at nine in the evening its tongue spoke to all visiting beaux a hint for parting. The organization was Presbyterian—the settlers thus taking a departure from the Congregationalism of their ancestors.

Some, perhaps many, who in youth heard the gospel in the old church, but afterwards felt the spell of worship in grand cathedrals, still held that handsome wooden church in pleasant memories, and sighed when they learned that it was gone.

The Baptists early had a church, and a strong following and influence for good.

The minister and the schoolmaster early appeared, and exercised benign influences. Yet there came a need for court house and jail. The former displayed the union flag while the court was in session, and the sheriff, wearing a cocked hat and girt with a sword, followed by constables holding aloft their long black rods, marshaled judges, jurors and counsel as they went in procession from their quarters to the temple of justice.

Nor were the lawyers idle. This town furnished to the Court of Errors in 1805, the first chancery case in the State on rights in a stream of water, as affected by occupation and by unwritten agreements between the proprietors of adjacent lands. In 1809 this village gave the Supreme Court its first case in the law of escapes. The jail liberties here, which were free to imprisoned debtors, were so established that a certain sidewalk was within the liberties, but a certain roadway was not. A prisoner, strolling on a winter day, found this sidewalk encumbered with a snow drift, and he stepped out into the roadway and walked there a few rods; and the sheriff being sued for this as an escape, was condemned to pay the creditor the whole amount of the judgment, being over \$5,000. Each of these cases was argued ably by Whitestown counsel, was considered by the courts with care and fully reported. Many authorities were cited, but all were from English authors, or decisions of English courts. Not a New York

nor American case or authority was referred to; and probably because there was none in existence, touching such questions.

This village early had its weekly newspaper, and was a place of much traffic. But the Utica settlement having advantages in position, in that the high ground there reached to the shore of the river and always gave a dry landing place, finally outgrew Whitesboro; and yet for a long time this spot was not without its merchants who sold both at wholesale and retail, and made shipments to New York of potash, otter skins, beaver skins, and other products of the country.

When the time came for emigration to regions west of this State, the best and almost the only line of travel was by the valley of the Mohawk and through Whitestown. Then could be seen passing along this street the emigrant wagon, covered with a high canopy of sail-cloth, carrying wife and little ones, and furniture and food for the journey; the father and boys following behind and driving a few cows and sheep; all slowly making their way, the canvas marked in large capitals "Ohio." In later years the label was "Indiana." This was a frequent and interesting sight, and it is still repeated on some of the plains of the far west, near the Rocky mountains, where the white and spectral canvas, seen from afar, is called "the ship of the prairie."

Things have changed here; but still the best line for passing from the eastern coast of the United States to the western world must be through the valley of the Mohawk, and the plains of old Whitestown, which line divides the Allegany range as does no other between Vermont and Florida. (See note B.)

Among the neighbors of Hugh White were many who had served in the Revolutionary war, and some who bore arms in the earlier war between the English and the French. One, at least, was a soldier in a Connecticut regiment of volunteers and fought at Louisburg in 1745,—an extraordinary battle, where the New England troops landed at the shore without artillery, and attacked and carried a strong fort, well supplied with cannon and fully garrisoned; and there was one who helped in the same French wars to make the "Mud bow." Coming up the Mohawk in boats, and finding near Sadequadâ point a long curve in the river which swept around and made a circle, they stopped an hour or two and dug with their oars across the little neck and let the river tear through the soft earth and make a new channel. Their intention was thus to shorten their voyage a whole mile, for their convenience in case of being driven back by the enemy. This

mile of water was soon separated from the river by the deposits of the stream, and it remained a curved pool with the name of the Mud Bow.

An early emigrant long afterwards narrated how he first arrived here. It was in 1789, and the day of company training; and on this green, where the stumps were then burning, Hugh White was drilling about 27 men simply uniformed and bearing muskets, and his son Daniel C. White, was drilling 17 riflemen, who wore hunting shirts made of tow cloth with a ravelled fringe.

Long afterwards, when an emergency of the war of 1812 required the whole mass of the militia of this region to proceed to the northern frontier, they went forth under a Whitestown general, the strongest company being from this town and mustering nearly 150 men. The campaign was a weary one. There were long marches in the mud, leaky shelter in camp under constant rains, and not much fighting to be done. The bayonets always think. When the men concluded that they had served long enough, and had done their duty, and it would be of no use to stay any longer, there began a dispersion, some going home singly, and then some in small parties, and in one case a captain deliberately marching off his company in a body. The battalions were depleted; but the Whitestown company held on and finally constituted a majority of the regiment to which it belonged.

The war being ended, the court martial began to deal with the alleged deserters, and for some fifteen months went on with trials, when it was suddenly discovered that there was a fatal defect in the constitution or organization of the tribunal, and the court, not having yet pronounced any judgment, gracefully dissolved, and no officer or man was condemned.

Years after, on a general training day of the 134th regiment held here, at the noon resting time, there was a debate as to the chances of a shower in the afternoon, when some one asked the oracular major for his opinion on that point. Without looking at the clouds he promptly responded with ringing voice: "It never rains anything but blessings on the old hundred and thirty-fourth."

Some are here now who remember a day during the war of 1812, when a large body of British troops in red coats were marched as prisoners through this street, on the way to the seaboard for exchange; and also the illumination at the peace of 1815, when the windows of the village glared with lighted candles.

The rule of the road, "Turn out to the right," is as firmly fixed in the popular mind as if it came down with the old common law.

But the regulation in England was, and is, to turn out to the left. In this State there was no old or established law or custom in that regard. The roads were generally narrow and bad, and the behavior of drivers depended mainly on their characters. When the roads along the Mohawk and to the west became much used the trouble of meeting and passing became serious. There arose debates and fights between teamsters. The highway became both a necessity and a terror. Thereupon the legislature in 1801, recognizing that the loads going towards tide water usually were far the heaviest, passed a statute requiring that on the roads leading from Schenectady up the Mohawk and on to Canandaigua, all teams going west should give the road to teams going east. This worked some good, but after a little practice, any teamster who was tugging west with a full lading of imported goods, found it not easy to see the propriety of yielding the whole road when he met a wagon bearing only man, wife and baby, or an empty ox cart. Hence arose collisions, law suits and lasting quarrels. At length the legislature interposed again, and by a general law, passed in 1813, required that on all public roads in every part of the State, when teams met, "each must seasonably turn to the right of the center of the road." Such is the law now, and this sensible rule has spread through the United States. In this instance, the law was actually founded on reason.

In 1802 a clergyman from New England, traveling in this region, sent home his journal. He speaks of passing through this place, and adds: "It would appear to you, my friend, on hearing the relation of events in the western country, that the whole was a fable, and if you were placed in Whitestown," * * * "and saw the progress of improvement, you would believe it enchanted ground." He also wrote: "The original Whitestown appears to be the garden of the world." He also sent home a map of this village, made by himself, on which some buildings now standing may be recognized.

A distinguished emigrant from Long Island, who settled some distance hence, used to say that if ever there was a garden of Eden, it must have been here.

This name of Whitestown clung to the whole region from here to Lake Erie and Ontario for a long time. As late as 1827 a celebrated lecturer on geography used to say that the eastern and southern parts of New York, like his own New England, had a poor soil, except in a few valleys, but that when you came to "the Whitestown country," there was a vast area of greatest fertility.

In sight of the beautiful farms now around us, it is best not to forget the time when the great stumps of the forest held out and were a tiresome disfigurement of the landscape, and it was a rare and pleasing thing to look on a ten acre lot which was perfectly free of them.

They who first broke the forest here were not paupers, but for the most part were men of small means, large courage, industry and hope. The story of many was briefly hinted by one of their natural orators, in the westerly parts of Oneida county, on his addressing a jury of his neighbors, and appealing for their confidence. His defense was opened thus: "Gentlemen of the jury. Twenty-five years ago I came across Fish creek with my axe on my shoulder and forty dollars in my pocket, and went to work in the woods. I have grown with your growth and strengthened with your strength. Now how is it? You know my house and my farm and my stock, and you don't know a man to whom I owe a dollar. I am one of yourselves, and can have no object in deceiving you; and I swear to you, gentlemen, that my client here, Jeemes Smith, is an honest man; and an honest man is the noblest work of God."

Pioneer life did have its hardships, and many a toiling man and woman came to the bent figure and trembling hand of old age before passing threescore years. But their children, born and bred on the spot, were erect and robust.

There were times when meat was lacking. Once, after such a period of want, there came immense numbers of wild pigeons, furnishing both abundance and luxury for several weeks. It was then deemed prudent to preserve pigeons' breasts by packing them in salt, in view to another scarcity. This was done, and when the famine of meat came again, the stock of cured provisions was broached; but it was found that the salt had struck in quite too well; and one who messed with Judge White in those days, afterwards said that in spite of soaking and extra boiling, the article was much more salt than pigeon.

This village on the other hand gave to the country the most beautiful, fragrant and delicious of fall pippins; the widely known Lowell apple. The original seedling tree stood for some seventy years in a garden at this village, and bore fruit in its old age. Its stump remains *in situ* under a beautiful green house, its fitting shelter and monument. The river also contributed an occasional luxury, yielding to fisherman the Mohawk pike, celebrated for its delicious quality.

Among the people here from the first there never was a time when Yale and Harvard were not represented, and every generation has furnished its full quota of professional men as well as farmers, merchants, mechanics, engineers, manufacturers and bankers. DeWitt Clinton, in his "Letters of Hibernicus," said of one of the early settlers from the old world, that he was "the most learned man in America."

In this connection let it not be forgotten that a part of Whitestown, now in New Hartford, was owned jointly by George Washington and George Clinton. One of the deeds, on the sale of part of that property, signed by them both, and acknowledged before James Kent in 1796, is preserved in the collections of the New York Historical Society.

It is not the purpose of this discourse to display the names of those who have held public position and won renown by genius or attainments. This has been done well by others, and can be done again, for the theme is not half exhausted. The transformation of the Whitestown country of 1784 into that of 1884 has been wrought mainly by toil and labor. The forest trees fell before the blows of axes wielded by hard hands. The roads were made, the houses, barns and fences were built, and the fruit trees were planted mostly by a host of plain men, abounding in strength and will. It was a long work and more than one generation shared it. The result is a vast cultivated region full of life's comforts, possessing all the material requirements for education, religion, society, refinement and happiness. Without now listing the fortunate few who received the decorations of distinction, it is fair to think deeply of the rank and file who did the work of these hundred years, and standing near the dust of these true toilers, to feel that the world was not made for Cæsar.

It seems not long ago when the Union demanded soldiers, and young men of this region with rifle in hand followed the flag through march and battle, not loving their lives, even unto death, for the good cause. It was a proud day for the sons of Oneida county, when in 1861 its first quota of volunteers passed through the city of New York, and bearing a flag there presented to them by emigrants from this county, marched to the front; and it was a sad but yet proud day when the fourteenth regiment passed the same place again on its return from many battles, bearing the same flag, the ranks thinned by losses, but covered with honor.

The dead of that mortal struggle for national existence, popular government and liberty, piously brought home and laid in the

earth by the side of their fathers, gave to every burying ground in the land a new and holy consecration.

There is no prophet now who can lift up his voice and tell what will be here when another century has passed and we all have turned to dust: no seer whose eyes can pierce through the long vista and descry the scenes beyond.

May the Mighty and Loving Father who made this land of fertility and abundance, and in the fullness of time called our progenitors into its possession, abide with their descendants and successors to all generations.

NOTE A.—The appropriate inscription placed on Judge White's monument about sixty years ago was drawn up by a young man. In his draft there was a glowing passage about "making the desert to blossom as the rose," but his senior, who had been here from the early days, struck out that passage as smacking of fiction, and remarked, "the Judge would not allow so much as a rosebush about his house." The three sugar maple trees were the only exception to the destruction he waged upon all wild growth of tree or bush. Nor was this strange. The necessary fight against forest and thicket inspired a hostile sentiment which made it a joy to wield the axe against the common enemy. Those who tried to save here and there a grand old tree, for its beauty or its useful shadow, usually were disappointed. The shallow roots of a tree full grown in the dense woods proved insufficient to sustain it when standing alone, deprived of the clinging net work of forest roots, and exposed to the winds which swept across the open clearing. Young trees, left or planted in open fields, and there passing their youth, adapted themselves to circumstances, and with grapplings deeper sunk in the earth and forms less lofty and more robust, braved the storm and flourished. Much of the ornamentation of the country was due to rude and unsightly fences, in the corners of which a young tree might escape the plow and the scythe, and on many an old farm we now can trace by a few surviving trees the line of a former log or worm fence, which rotted away long ago, leaving no trace, and better farming gave it no successor, but abandoned the line and united the fields. The landscape is thus beautified by chance, and its beauty not only excites the pride of owners, but improves the taste of the people.

NOTE B.—The Alleghenies form a continuous mountain chain, bounding on the west the whole Atlantic slope, except the one opening through by the Hudson and the Mohawk. The valleys of these two streams form a notch or clove reaching from the ocean level to the western slope, always affording a continuous water passage, the usefulness of which led to the great enterprise of building the Erie Canal. Everywhere else the valleys of rivers, when followed up, were found to end beneath high mountain land. All plans and efforts for canalling through to the west, by the river lines of Pennsylvania and of Virginia, and further south, totally failed. Nature had given to New York alone the power to open the west. In later days the railroads have climbed over or pierced through the high divide; but the line of the Hudson and the Mohawk must forever be easier of grade and more available than any other for railroad operations.



Hugh White

COHOES, N. Y.

GENEALOGY OF THE WHITE FAMILY.

BY WILLIAM M. WHITE.

Chairman Campbell then introduced William M. White, who read a carefully prepared Genealogy of the White family. In introducing it he said :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

As the son of Hugh White I lost my inheritance, my birthright, before I was of sufficient age to enter my protest and know my loss. My name should have been Hugh, and then genealogy would record six Hugh Whites in America, each the son of Hugh, but the first, beginning with 1691 and continuing nearly 200 years.

The family trace their descent from Elder John White, one of the first settlers of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, of Hartford, in Connecticut, and of Hadley, in Massachusetts.

These facts conclusively show that the spirit of the pioneer was strongly developed in the father of the family in America. From his connection with Reverend Thomas Hooker and his church, it is supposed that he was born in Chelmsford, the county seat of Essex county, England, about the year 1595. Our first certain knowledge is that he was a passenger, with Mary, his wife, and two children, on the ship *Lyon*, Captain Pierce, which sailed from England about the 25th of June, 1632, and arrived in Boston on Sunday, the 16th day of September, 1632.

Mr. Hooker's company or congregation had had assigned to them for settlement by the general court of Massachusetts the town of Cambridge, then called Newtown. Elder John White's "home lot" was on the street called "Cow Yard Row," not far from where Gore Hall, the beautiful library building of Harvard University now stands. His social standing, or position, or condition of life—it is fair to infer—was of the middle class, neither rich nor poor; and that his home life in England had been of reasonable comfort, and that he had not been driven to expatriation by necessity or want. The English people have been likened to their own beer: the top all froth, the bottom dregs,

the middle pure. John White was admitted a freeman of Massachusetts, March 4, 1633, and in February, 1635, the town of Cambridge elected a board of seven men "to do the whole business of the town." John White was one of the number chosen. In 1636, he sold "his betterments," and accompanying his pastor, Rev. Mr. Hooker, with about one hundred others, took departure for "the new towne" on the Quin-etac-quet river (Connecticut.) In the records of Hartford, John White appears as one of the original proprietors, and he was one of the "selectmen" of the town. On the death of Rev. Mr. Hooker, in 1647, a schism arose which seems to have been of a personal character. It resulted in a new departure under Elder Goodwin; and sixty persons from Hartford and Wethersfield went up the Connecticut river, and laid the foundations of Hadley, in Massachusetts. John White was of the party. He remained there eleven years, when he returned to Hartford and was chosen to the office of elder in the South Church. His life was prolonged to a good old age, and he died early in 1684, just two hundred years ago. He had four sons and two daughters.

SECOND GENERATION.

His oldest son, Captain Nathaniel White, was born in England about 1629. At the age of 21, he removed to Middletown with his father, and was one of the first settlers and proprietors. He acquired great influence and was a leading man in the colony. He was a member of the legislature or general court, and for fifty years in succession was annually chosen deputy from that town. Very few instances exist of so long an official life, dependent on annual popular election. In military life he rose through the successive grades to the rank of Captain, by which title he has been known to his posterity. He died August 11, 1711, at the age of 82 years, and the record is: "He was a man of high religious character and sound judgment." By his will he left one-quarter of his undivided lands "to remain for the use of the public school already agreed upon by the town of Middletown, forever," perhaps the first legacy to the public school system in America. He had five sons and three daughters.

THIRD GENERATION.

Ensign Daniel White was the third son of Captain Nathaniel, and was born at Middletown upper houses, February 23, 1661.

He lived in his native town, held various town offices, and died December 18, 1739. He had eight sons and three daughters.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Hugh White was the fifth son of Ensign Daniel, and the father of the pioneer of western New York. He was born February 15, 1691. He always lived in Middletown, and was a man of substance and respectability. His wife was Mary Stone, of Guilford. They had three sons and four daughters.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Hon. Hugh White, as he is designated in the records of the family, was the youngest son of Hugh White, and was born in Middletown, Connecticut, January 25, 1733. He "settled" in Middletown, and married Mary Clark of the same town. All of his children were born there. His wife died in 1774. He afterwards married Mrs. Lois Davenport, widow of Rev. Ebenezer Davenport. She joined him early in 1785, in the settlement of Whitestown, and died there in 1829. When a resident of Middletown, Hugh White was a "selectman" from 1779 to 1783. He was a commissary in the army during a part of the Revolutionary war, and soon after the close of the war he joined in the purchase of Sadaqueda Patent with Zephaniah Platt, Ezra L'Hommedieu and Melancthon Smith. Early in the spring of 1784, he started, with most of his family, for their new home, in what was to be known as "the Whitestown country." They arrived here one hundred years ago to-day, June 5, 1784. He divided his purchase of about 1,500 acres among his sons and his daughters, and he lived like a patriarch of old, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren. He had five sons and three daughters, who accompanied him, or joined him in settling this town. And yet, to-day, there is not in the town of Whitestown, nor yet in the county of Oneida, a male resident of his name and lineage. And so it comes to pass that you, to-day, are celebrating, not the arrival of a family now with you, and of you, but are commemorating the first settlement of western New York, which happened to be made by Hugh White (my ancestor.) You are celebrating the founding of the first colony, outside of New England, by the Puritans, the first swarm of the Puritan hive. And these boulders of New England granite are to be, for all time, witnesses of the first settlement of Whitestown by Hugh White and family of

Middletown, Connecticut, and in the annals of the future may be looked upon as the second Plymouth Rock.

Of Hugh White, as a man, a Christian, and a citizen, no better conception can be had, than from the inscription on his tablet in your own cemetery on the hill. It reads:

HERE SLEEP THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF
HUGH WHITE,
WHO WAS BORN 5TH FEBRUARY, 1733, AT MIDDLETOWN, IN
CONNECTICUT, AND DIED APRIL 16TH, 1812.
IN THE YEAR 1784, HE REMOVED TO SEDAUQUATE, NOW
WHITESBOROUGH, WHERE HE WAS THE FIRST WHITE INHABITANT IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK, WEST OF THE GERMAN SETTLEMENTS
ON THE MOHAWK.
HE WAS DISTINGUISHED FOR ENERGY, AND DECISION
OF CHARACTER, AND MAY BE JUSTLY REGARDED AS A PATRIARCH,
WHO LED THE CHILDREN OF NEW ENGLAND
INTO THE WILDERNESS.
AS A MAGISTRATE, A CITIZEN AND A MAN, HIS
CHARACTER FOR TRUTH AND INTEGRITY WAS PROVERBIAL.
THIS HUMBLE MONUMENT OF VENERATION FOR HIS
MEMORY IS REARED AND INSCRIBED BY THE
AFFECTIONATE PARTNER OF HIS JOYS AND HIS SORROWS,
MAY 15TH, 1826.

Let me add in simple justice to this noble woman who shared in the labors, trials and hardships, equally with her husband, the monumental tribute to her worth:

IN MEMORY OF
LOIS,
WIDOW OF THE LATE JUDGE WHITE
WITH WHOM SHE EMIGRATED TO THIS PLACE THEN
A WILDERNESS, A. D. 1785.
SHE EXHIBITED IN HER CHARACTER A RARE UNION OF THE
NOBLEST ATTRIBUTES OF HUMANITY WITH THE EXCELLENCIES
OF THE DISCIPLES OF THE LAMB.
EARLY IN LIFE SHE BECAME A PROFESSED
FOLLOWER OF THE CROSS, AND DURING HER PILGRIMAGE BELOW,
BY AN HUMBLE WALK WITH GOD ADORNED THE DOCTRINES
OF HER SAVIOUR.
SHE ENTERED INTO REST
APRIL 13TH, 1829.
ÆT. 86 YEARS.
PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE
DEATH OF HIS SAINTS.

The peculiarity of the settlement of Whitestown was that it was settled by one family, and all the members of that family joined in the enterprise. The family, aside from Judge White and his wife were:

Daniel Clark White and his wife and child, Joseph White and his wife and child, Hugh White, Jr., Ansel White, Philo White, Aurelia (Wetmore,) Mary Stone (Young); these (with the exception of Rachel, the oldest of the family, who was born in 1757, and married John Allen long before the exodus,) constituted the family of Hugh White.

The next year arrived Amos Wetmore and Lemuel Leavenworth, and possibly Nathaniel Loomis and Roswell Goodrich. So that it was literally a settlement "by Hugh White and family."

The energies of the pioneers seem to have been given to making homes in the wilderness, and caring for their families; providing food and raiment and clearing the land for agricultural use. The intense physical exertion necessary left little time for culture, and there were no broad, smooth avenues to knowledge for the children as you have them now. Books were a rarity, newspapers were unknown, and the Bible and the preacher the only sources of mental food. So it happened, that while the father, on the formation of the county, became a judge, the sons followed the vocation, made necessary by the enterprise, and contented themselves with filling the position of the American farmer. Owing the land, and tilling the soil, "making the wilderness to blossom as a rose" and laying the foundation of that productiveness and industry, that thrift and prosperity which charm and astonish the stranger, and make this new world, the attraction to all people, the Mecca, of the civilized world.

Of their descendants, a few may be mentioned as men of mark in their day and generation.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Hon. Fortune Clark White, LL. D., son of Colonel Daniel Clark, was born in Whitestown, July 10, 1787. He studied law in Judge Platt's office and became first judge of Oneida County about 1837. He was a brigadier general of the State militia, and twice a member of the legislature. He died at Whitestown, August 27, 1866. He had five sons and two daughters.

Hon. Philo White, LL. D., son of Philo, was born in Whites-town, June 23, 1796. He graduated in a printing office in Utica, removed to North Carolina and became an editor, and finally

State printer. He removed to Wisconsin while it was yet a territory; was a member of the legislature; United States Consul to the Hanseatic league, and Minister resident to Ecuador, South America. He returned to Whitestown in 1852, and died there February 15, 1883.

Canvass White, son of Hugh, Jr., was born in Whitestown, September 8, 1790. His early life was spent on the farm. At the age of seventeen he was a clerk in the store of Colonel Carpenter. In the Spring of 1811, he went as supercargo on a voyage to Archangel in Russia. In 1814, he was a lieutenant in the regiment of Colonel Dodge, in the company of Captain B. F. Knop, and was on the Niagara frontier, at the sortie of Fort Erie. He was one of the engineers on the Erie canal under Benjamin Wright, and subsequently rose to great eminence in his profession. He was engaged on the Union, Lehigh and on the Delaware and Raritan canals; built the Delaware breakwater. But failing health cut short his career, and he died, December 18, 1834, at the age of 44 years. As an indication of his ability, capacity and standing, it is related that Henry Clay said to a gentleman seeking an engineer for the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, "Get Canvass White. No man is more competent, no man more capable, and while your faith in his ability and fidelity increases, your friendship will grow into affection."

Hon. Hugh White, son of Hugh, junior, was born in Whites-town, December 25, 1798. He graduated at Hamilton college in 1823, and fitted for the bar in the office of Colonel Charles G. Haines, New York city. But he soon turned to business pursuits. In 1825, he was located in Chittenango, engaged in boating on the Erie canal, and in the manufacture of water lime, called "White's water-proof cement," for his brother Canvass White, being the first made in America, and afterwards at Rondout in Ulster County. He established and built up the Rosendale cement works, where he manufactured much of the cement used on the Croton aqueduct. He was also largely interested and engaged in the development of the water power at Cohoes, on the Mohawk. In 1844, he was chosen representative to Congress, where he served three terms. He was then active with the Litchfields, D. B. St. John, Governor Hunt, John Stryker and others in building the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana railroad, and carried it to a successful conclusion. He married, April 10, 1828, Maria Mills Mansfield, of

Kent, Connecticut. He died at his home in Waterford, Saratoga County, October 6, 1870, aged 72 years. They had two sons and five daughters, of whom one son and one daughter are living. His widow still occupies the homestead at Waterford.

Colonel William C. Young, son of Mary Stone White, and John Young (the founder of Youngstown, Ohio,) was born at Youngstown, Ohio, (then a territory,) November 25, 1799. His parents returned to Whitestown and occupied their "home farm" in 1802. He attended school, had some knowledge of Latin, geometry and surveying, aside from the ordinary schooling of the period. At sixteen years of age he was assistant surveyor of the islands of Lake Ontario, for the State of New York: the next year a rod-man locating the Erie canal, and participating in the ceremony of "ground breaking" for that work at Rome, July 4, 1817: the next year, a cadet at West Point in a class of 125 members; and graduates No. 12 in his class in 1822. After four years given to army life he resigns June 30, 1826, and engages in superintending the locating and construction of railroads in New York State. Under John B. Jervis the Saratoga and Schenectady road is built, and Mr. Young originates the system of cross-sills or ties as now used. Then as engineer and general manager he gives fifteen years to the Utica and Schenectady railroad, resigning that to be chief engineer and manager of the Hudson River railroad, which he pushed to completion and became its president. A lifetime given to developing the resources of his country, and one of the few minds that have created and developed the railroad system of America, Mr. Young still lives, a splendid specimen of the men of a previous generation. His brother, Charles Clark Young, and his sister, Jane M. Rosevelt, widow of Rev. Washington Rosevelt, Mrs. Catherine Crouse, wife of John Crouse of Syracuse and daughter of Ansel White, and Susan Porter, youngest daughter of Hugh White, jr., are all of the surviving grandchildren of the pioneer. Three generations cover one hundred and fifty years.

With 1595 as the date of the birth of John White, and many of the seventh generation still living, we have the fact that a generation has averaged over 41 years, and a record of 289 years is made. Twenty-four years ago the known descendants of John White were 5,074. Of these 2,850 bore the name of White, and 2,224 bore other names. There were then 542 families of Whites, and 458 families of which the mothers were Whites.

Of the descendants of Judge White, bearing the name of White, those known to be living are:

Nathaniel Patten, Edgar, James Hillhouse, and Frances Amelia, children of Judge Fortune C. White.

Morris Pratt, Mary, Lewis, Philo, and Charles, children of Jonas White.

Halsey and Mary, children of Halsey White. Maria M., Robert Sayre, Canvass and William M., children of Charles Loomis, and grandchildren of Canvass. Harry, son of Lewis White. Mary Adelia, J. Franklin, Edgar Adelbert and Arthur Shirley, children of Edgar White. Nathaniel C., son of James Hillhouse, Port Huron, Mich., Hugh T., son of Nathaniel C., Port Huron, Mich.

William Mansfield White and Isabel White (Niles,) children of Hon. Hugh, son of Hugh, junior.

NINTH GENERATION.

Hugh, William Pierrepont, Anna Maria, Hubert Lawrence, Florilla Mansfield, Mary Pierrepont, Cornelia Butler, Isabel, De Lancey Pierrepont, Charles Carroll and John Dolbeare, children of William M. White and Anna M. Pierrepont.

In regard to the date of the arrival at Whitestown, the date of the month, the preponderance of proof justifies us in celebrating it to-day (June 5). M. M. Jones says he distinctly remembers that his father, the author of "The Annals of Oneida County," got the date of the same from Philo White, who afterwards dictated the record to his daughter, Julia Ann (Kennedy,) for the "Philo White Bible." It is in her handwriting. The Bible was published in 1849, and as Philo White died April 12, 1849, the dictation must have been made shortly before his death. But he was born June 25, 1767, and he has confounded the date of his birth with the date of the settlement. He was seventeen years old in 1784, and if they had arrived in Whitestown on his birthday, the coincidence would have been noted.

John White sailed from England about the 25th of June, 1632. He died early in the year 1684; just two hundred years ago, making this a second centennial in the family.

Permit me to add, speaking for the family, and the whole family, whether they bear the name of White or have been given in marriage and now bear other names, that this movement of the Oneida Historical Society, and this generous co-operation of the citizens of Oneida county to do honor to our common ancestor, and to mark the spot where the first home was, in the wilderness of western New York, and the time when it was made, and to com-

memorate the actors, and their memory, has gratified our pride; has warmed our hearts; has increased our faith in humanity; has strengthened our love. And we reverently thank God that our fathers and our mothers were of those "whom the people delighted to honor."

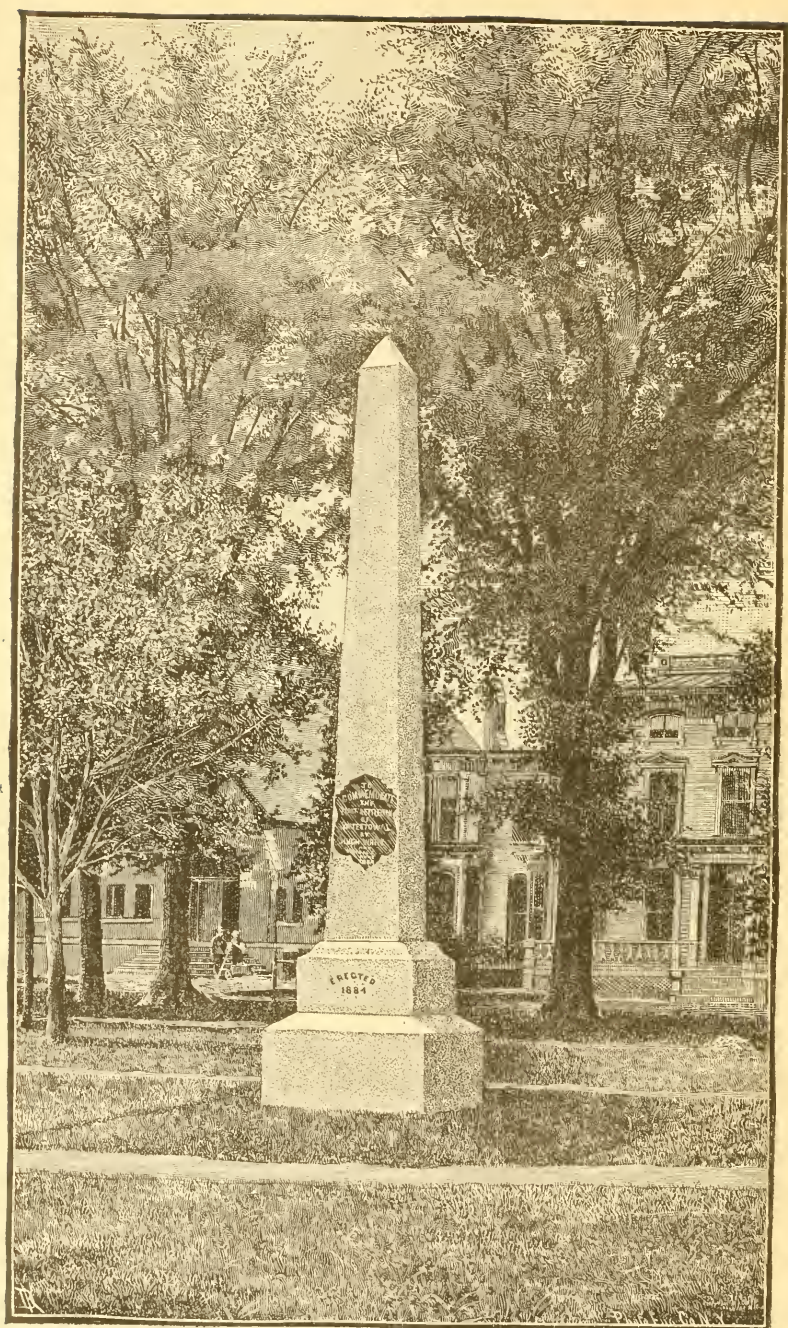
Royal blood is an inheritance. Noble blood if it begets noble deeds is a blessing. But above all and beyond all, is the inheritance of a pious, God-fearing, God-serving ancestry.

Mr. White closed his remarks by saying:

Mr. Chairman: With a due sense of the honor and consideration shown in designating me to unveil this monument to the settlement of Whitestown and to the first settlers, permit me to waive this honor and to designate that it now be done by Hugh White and William White Niles, whose grandfather was Hugh White, son of Hugh the pioneer.

The monument was then unveiled by Hugh White, son of the speaker and William White Niles, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude and appropriate music by the Oriskany Cornet band.

Rev. Anson J. Upson, D. D., of Auburn Theological Seminary, formerly professor of rhetoric and elocution in Hamilton College, was then introduced and delivered the dedicatory address, which was attentively listened to, and often applauded.



THE WHITESTOWN MONUMENT.

ADDRESS OF DEDICATION.

BY REV. ANSON J. UPSON, D. D.

THE WORLD WILL NOT WILLINGLY LET THE NAMES OF ITS
BENEFACTORS DIE.

To preserve the memory of all of them is impossible, yet we grow impatient at the silence that creeps over their graves. We cling to their memory. We will not let them die.

You may tell me that oblivion is inevitable, and the sooner the inevitable is acknowledged, the sooner will the struggle for remembrance be ended, but we reply that for generations at least, the worthiest can be made to survive, and so far as in us lies we will not permit our benefactors to be forgotten.

The great features of nature are comparatively changeless. The rocks and hills around us are everlasting. We would make the memory of character and achievement as enduring as they. The soul that imparts its own character to individual life is immortal. We would make the memory of the character and the life as enduring as the spirit itself.

To such a purpose—to perpetuate character and achievements worthy to be remembered, we dedicate this monument here and now. We would thus, in the words of the inscription "commemorate the first settlement of Whitestown by Hugh White and his family on the 5th of June, 1784"—one hundred years ago!

We commemorate no military achievement. St. Leger, Burgoyne and Sir Henry Clinton might indeed have prevented this settlement forever. The heroism and fortitude of the illustrious Herkimer made it possible. But the British armies had sailed away; and the sturdy German had slept in his grave for seven years when Hugh White entered this township, the pioneer of a conquest as memorable and as far reaching if not as exciting as a great soldier's victory.

By this monument we commemorate the achievements of a pioneer. He cleared the way into this, as yet, unbroken forest. We may justly honor him as a pioneer, for he was a leader, vigorous, ardent, enterprising, intrepid, energetic, devoted to his purpose, persevering. God might have raised up some other man to do the

work he did, but in the honor we pay to his memory, we recognize him as the agent of Providence for this beneficent purpose. And his was the achievement of individual enterprise. He was not supported by governmental authority, nor sustained by the accumulations of wealth. He was a pioneer by the act of his own will. He was not driven out by oppression, as were the pilgrims from England, or the Germans from Palatinate. But with that spirit of unrest so characteristic of the genuine American, he led one great division of that endless procession, that ever since has been fulfilling the prophecy of Bishop Berkeley, when he said "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

And by this monument we commemorate also the character and achievements of one who has been well named "a patriarch"—the head of a family.

Hugh White came into the vast township that afterwards bore his name, not as a solitary adventurer, but with his family, accompanied by his sons and daughters. In his fifty-second year the enthusiasm of youth had been tempered by the experience of advancing age—not altogether unlike the greatest of all the ancient patriarchs "the father of the faithful," he went forth into the wilderness.

He brought with him his family, as an evidence of his faith. He came to stay. He had no other thought. He made the first settlement. As citizens of Oneida county, we honor the memory of James Dean, the patriotic pioneer, not altogether unlike Captain John Smith of Virginia. But we remember that James Dean had no permanent home in this county till 1786. We honor the memory of Samuel Kirkland, the missionary to the Oneidas and the founder of Hamilton College, but Kirkland lived mostly alone with his Indian friends until 1792. He and his family could not become permanent residents till after this new home in Whites-town had been established for eight years.

The word "family" in this inscription is significant. It commemorates the establishment of the first permanent home in the wilderness—father, mother, sons and daughters gathered here together. In that word "family" upon this monument we commemorate the heroism of the mother and the children, as well as that of the patriarch himself. They could appreciate, perhaps better than he, all that Dr. Asahel Norton meant, when in the old meeting house at Clinton, on every Sabbath day, he used to thank the Lord that he had preserved the early settlers in this "howling wilderness!"

But once more; by this monument we reconize Hugh White and his family as our benefactors.

The founders of every community impress their characteristics upon it—characteristics that remain fixed and permanent, so long as the community lasts. The founders gather round them in the early settlement men like themselves. Generations may succeed each other, new comers in great numbers may bring with them new customs and ideas, but the characteristics of the first settlers will be largely controlling. Boston and Albany, Philadelphia and Baltimore differ to-day as much as did their founders.

If Hugh White and his sons had been dissolute men, how the picture of to-day would have been reversed! But they were not dissolute men. They brought with them a New England morality, a New England industry, a neatness and economy, a Yankee thrift, an English vigor and sincerity, a New England intelligence and desire for education, a simplicity of manners, with no affinity either for the dilettanti or the coarse. Above all, they brought with them a reverence for God and a belief in the Bible.

And naturally, the men and women who followed after—the Platts and the Storrs, the Golds and the Sills, the Tracys and the Berrys, the Fosters, the Wetmores, your Benjamin Walcott and your Dexter and your John Frost and your David Ogden and Beriah Green—all these among the honored and revered dead, and many more among the living here, brought with them the same characteristics with which they have enriched and strengthened and adorned your life.

In erecting this memorial to commemorate the first settlement we honor the influence of all these who have contributed to the honorable reputation of this town, that still retains the name of its founder.

And not only so, but we commemorate the founders of that larger township extending from the Mohawk to the great lakes. At this point of departure, where first in this State, the influence of New England began to exercise its beneficent power, we erect this memorial. We give a cordial welcome to every other people. We rejoice in the remarkable commingling of races in this commonwealth that has made New York so cosmopolitan. But we remember that the iron in our blood is drawn from the New England hills. We erect this monument as a token to all comers, that so far as in us lies, the healthful influence of our New England ancestry shall neither be forgotten nor pass away.

Let the children of the coming generations as they pass this monument and read this inscription be taught its significance. Most likely none of them can ever be such pioneers, such patriarchs, such benefactors; yet each in his own life can practice the same simplicity, the same self-reliance, the same integrity, the same faith.

Let this monument teach every passer-by that usefulness, though not always raised to high station, will not be forgotten. Mankind do not forget even their unconscious benefactors. If Hugh White could have foreseen, that when a century should have passed, on an occasion like this, amidst hundreds of an admiring posterity, his name would be repeated with respect and gratitude and veneration, as the great founder of what we behold around us, would he not have felt his heart cheered, under the hardships of the wilderness or amidst the perils of the savage?

"Other men labored and we are entered into their labors."

The great countries of the old world love to trace their long descent from warfare long and fierce between proud Normans and sturdy Saxons, between restless barons and grasping kings—back even to wars between fabled heroes and demigods.

To us it is given to honor conquests more peaceful and not less far-reaching.

To the energy, fortitude, perseverance, of men like him we honor to-day, do we owe the glory of this land we love. They have left us no stately castles crowning our hill-tops with walls and moats and towers, but theirs is a fairer memorial, in the peaceful beauty of a scene like this—in the happy homes which are all about us to-day, because of the bravery and patient toil of that household in the forest here one hundred years ago.

"The Isles of Greece, the hills of Spain, the purple Heavens of Rome,
Yes all are glorious—yet again I bless thee, Land of Home!
For thine the Sabbath peace, my land! and thine the guarded hearth:
And thine the dead, the noble band that make thee holy earth.
Their voices meet me in thy breeze, their steps are on thy plains;
Their names by old, majestic trees are whispered 'round thy fanes.
Their blood is mingled with the tide of the exulting sea;
O! be it still a joy and pride, to live and die for thee!"

Benjamin F. Taylor, of Cleveland, O., the poet of the day, was next introduced, and received with applause. His poem was one of the most enjoyable features of the day, and was read with expression. It was often interrupted with laughter and hearty applause.

"THE WHITESTOWN COUNTRY."

POEM BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

"God bless us every one!" So say we all,
Let Hermon's dew like benediction fall!
Time calls a halt and here we stand and turn
To days as dear as ashes in an urn,
When following on the Dutchman's pale "Half Moon,"
The wake of empire kindling in its light,
A "May Flower" out of season came in sight
And graced December with the joy of June.
Miles Standish was aboard, whose sturdy heart
 Played the same blood that throbbed in Kirkland's own;
So, down they come, two centuries apart,
 The mighty Captain and his far-off Son,
Old Sinai's clouds are cleft by Calvary's ray,
Close up, grand comrades, march abreast to-day!

WHITESTOWN COUNTRY.

Upon The Whitestown Country's Northern hem
Where breeze was song and brook a running gem,
Wild rubies hid among the meadow grasses,
White-throated deer drank out of looking-glasses,
Sweet-hearted maples stood in sturdy ranks
And packs of dogwoods hung upon their flanks,
While elms in outline arched the graceful air
As if an Ariel meant to chamber there;
And here and there the blue smokes lifted high
As if to tint some spot of faded sky—
Smokes filtering thro' from swallows'-nests of homes
The leafy rafters of the forest domes,
Where whispering twilights haunted cabin doors
And hid the idle noon-mark on the floors.
'Till axe and echo filled the woods with clocks
 Sounding the death-watch for the masted fleet
Of foundered forest that with wrecks and shocks,

Swept swaths of wilderness as cradled wheat,
 Matched broad-cast harvest with a broad-cast day,
 So axes won the cyclone's right of way,
 And let, at last, the golden sunlight fall
 Like grand Elijah's mantle over all.

RIVERS AND MEN.

Its rambling rivers flow toward all the world
 From vast St. Lawrence to the Chesapeake—
 By Mohawk borne and Susquehanna whirled;
 They brave the shaggy wilderness to seek
 Ontario's wave. Blue Erie and gray main
 All one to them, these rivers free as rain.
 Dear household brooks and children of the hills,
 Ye ribbons woven from exultant rills,
 With reedy warble, cataract and song,
 Oh, rivers float your Indian names along—
 Forbid them not 'till Unadilla dies,
 On cloudy wings Chenango's waters rise,
 No wrens in woods, no blue-bird in the skies;
 Make room, Oh Babel, let their music stand,
 The sweet Ionic of the Whitestown Land,
 'Till men forget where Skenandoa lies,
 That nobleman of God to Kirkland given,
 Who held his patent from the court of heaven.
 Ah, streams prophetic, had we only known,
 Of them who broke the strong horizons thro',
 Bore Yankee Doodle to the dragon throne
 Where far Cathay its Bohea breezes blew,
 Where Desolation's grisly bones have worn
 Thro' the lean earth stark, naked and forlorn,
 Where lie beneath pale Aretie's pennon'd spears
 Unquarried winters of a thousand years,
 Where palm leaves lap like tongues the golden air,
 And Indian Summer from the topmost stair
 To Heaven looks down, relents, and never enters there,
 Oncida's sons have rent the azure robe
 And boxed the quivering compass round the globe.

JOHN WHITE'S WELCOME.

Now full two hundred fifty Junes ago
 The good ship Lyon stole across the sea.

All sails hauled home she welcomed every blow

That drove her on where faith and Heaven were free.

Beyond the roll-call of the Babel world

The good ship Lyon's tattered sails were furled.

So came JOHN WHITE, an Elder and an oak

No danger daunted and no tempest broke.

Nobody knew that God's salvation went

Beyond the border-line of Continent,

Meant this unchristen'd wilderness, amid

Whose glooms the red and smoky nations bid

Uncounted centuries go idly by,

Left no more trace than eagles in the sky.

One trail no broader than a Bible's page

Crept in a stealthy way age after age

From Hudson's tide to Erie's magic blue.

And this was all, save scatter'd flints that flew

And tomahawks with wings, and heaps of bones,

And blacken'd brands of fires, and frightful tones

The night-owls echoed and the night-hawks caught—

Was all they left that savage Nature taught,

Except heir-looms of rare melodious names

Bound for the future, and forever fame's.

Yet Shakespere walked what little world he knew;

Like holy fire crusaders' standards flew,

All Europe looked and wondered and was grum;

Yet Pocahontas by one act of her's

Whose very thought the dullest bosom stirs,

Had saved the Smiths to people Christendom;

Spenser had led his Fairie Queene along,

Herbert had sung the perfect Sabbath song

Whose pure and plaintive accents will survive

While one dear English word is left alive.

Behold them there, the pilgrim of the Lyon

And this wild realm beyond the range of Zion,

And what Elijah's son could dream the twain

Would e'er be bound in name and blood and brain?

As soon believe the breeze that wakes the rose

Of Ispahan should whirl Alaska's snows.

HUGH WHITE'S WELCOME.

And yet, this day, one hundred years ago,

Near where we stand there swung a rude bateau.

Five generations down, HUGH WHITE had come
 To find a wilderness and found a home.
 No flag saluted but the tulip trees,
 No song of welcome but the wild-rose breeze,
 No martial music but the partridge drum
 And jay-bird fife and old Homeric thrum.
 No torchlight honors and no welcome words
 Of dear old English but the "phœbe"-bird's;
 The tall elms built the sole triumphal arch
 That graced the landing, glorified the march
 Both God and valor brought triumphant through.

It mattered not to him and his platoon
 Of manly sons. I wonder if he knew
 That from the basswood walls and elm-bark roof
 That neighbor'd wolves and kept the winds aloof,

His cabin fire would lepd a light to June
 That would not perish in its hundredth year—
 This man who marched beyond the dim frontier
 And picket line. I wonder if he heard
 The primal throb when empire lived and stirred.
 I wonder if he dreamed the drowsy drone

Of meadow bees a few poor spindles made,
 Would ever sound, two hundred thousand grown,

Like sea born winds that sweep the everglade,—
 The rattling harness of the fireside loom
 Jar like the chariots of the grander Rome,
 And weave their forty million yards, and more

Than clothe the nation Patrick Henry knew,
 Give all the flags our navy ever flew
 And dress Rhode Island in a pinafore.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

The bell strikes "one"—The Whitestown Country Chime,
 Now put new chevrons on the sleeves of Time!
 Stand forth, my Sergeant! Ah, how passing grand
 When God's centurions take supreme command.
 The gypsy Junes close up along the line,
 A hundred Aprils in their snow-drops shine,
 A hundred Summers shouldering their sheaves,
 A hundred Autumns glorified with leaves,
 In rank and file the red Octobers glow,
 And white Decembers trail their skirts of snow.

There is no yonder, every there is here,
The sun stands still, the stars themselves are near,
The jewell'd Dipper's holy dew's baptize,
The halted Age before our reverent eyes.

Hugh White's old cradlers rock the field of wheat,
His mowers swing the scythe in naked feet,
And sometimes blundering on a grassy nest
They whirl a whisk and wish all bees "be—blest!"
The green and golden surt around them rolls,
They shed their jackets but they keep their souls.
Arrayed in tow the brawny threshers come
And eat for three and drink New England rum;
The oaken floor their flails alternate beat,
And kernels dance a rattling tune of sleet;
Now comes his sempstress—bless her smiling face!
In tall back-comb and linsey gown and grace
And not a bang—she long ago gave place
To shapes of iron feet and cabinet-ware
And left forlorn the bantam sewing-chair.
Swung to a pillion on her wedding day,
Her arm around his waist, she rode away
And made a log-heap turn a lover's nest—
Of all the patents earliest and best.
Great trees that kept the treaty made with Time
An age ago—it seems almost a crime—
Broke the long twilight as her husband knocked,
And sweeping headlong down to ruin, mocked
With crash of column, coronal and branch
The frozen thunder of the avalanche.

They trained a sunflower near the cabin door,
They walked on sunshine round the puncheon floor.
Brigades of corn deployed in green parade
And rounding gold among their ranks betrayed
A pious war, a pumpkin cannonade.
Old fashioned flowers drew up in double line,
The four-o'clock, the pink, the columbine.
The flax a-field was hardly sown before
Unhitched tow-heads danced upon the floor,
Swarmed up the ladder on their way to bed,
Swarmed down before the morning sky was red,
Swarmed out three miles to meeting and to school,

Set traps for wolves and learned the Golden Rule.
 No man could doubt the Children in the Shoe,
 Ten pewter spoons and still the number grew.
 And these are they who made this wilderness
 Turn fair enough for angels to caress,
 Who set this heart of empire throbbing forth
 Its sterling manhood round the belted earth.

Their fires were half Promethean—came from Heaven,
 No sign of matches had King Pluto given,
 And yet how easy, had he only known,
 To dip his tooth-picks in the Acheron!
 They covered embers though no curfew tolled,
 They borrowed embers when their own were cold,
 They kept a box with flint and steel and punk,
 Boys had the grit and women had the spunk,
 Think of Oneida's maid, ye graceful girls to-day,
 Who cleared the door-yard of a bear at bay,
 And swept him out with just an oaken broom!
 Salute, ye heroes, give the maiden room!
 Think of the Whitestown Country girls that drove
 Their tandem teams where deer scarce dared to rove!
 Drove lumbering turn-outs of the classic breed
 Of dear Priscilla's puritanic steed,
 Whose Juno-eyes old Homer sang in Greece,
 And full of spirit with two horns apiece.

THE OLD KITCHEN.

Reverse the lever of the world to-day
 And bid the flying Age dismount and walk;
 Before the lightnings left their garret play
 To cheer a kitchen and to learn to talk;
 Before with slender shafts they pumped the rock
 And flashed the torches on the startled air;
 Before they fished for flame and found it where
 The blundering Jonah found an oil depot—
 Now light the candles with a glowing coal,
 No other gleam like theirs in all the world to show
 The "living room," the homestead's genial soul,
 That warmed their hearts one hundred years ago:
 The iron fire-dogs, crooked legs apart,
 Knee-deep in rubies from the maple's heart,

A bowl of apples flushing by the fire,
A russet boy that heaps the cord-wood higher,
Festoons of apples swing along the line,
The grumbling clock betrays the hour of nine,
—Pass round, my girl, the orchard's amber wine!—
A full grown clock stands sentry over all,
Upon its solemn shape the firelights fall,
A tall, slim coffin, whence with face serene
And sadly fallow, Time regards the scene
Between his bloodless fingers, long and lean;
With muffled pulse, a shrill and tolling bell,
'Tis all the same, a bridal or a knell;
A bellows' foxy nose, a turkey's wing,
White cotton curtains on an apron-string,
The hammered tongs with poor magnetic legs,
A rusty scabbard swung from wooden pegs,
The starving crane with Ethiopian arm
Holds out its hooks with pot-and-kettle charm,
Their nervous covers playing tambourine
To serenade the golden samp within;
The Prussian-blue pagoda-painted wares,
The pewter platters and the kitchen chairs
Whose woven seats once waved in summer airs
Where rushes drew their sabers to salute,
And bright Bob-Lincolns swung with bell and flute;
There dwelt of old, apart from pomp and pride,
The living circles that have never died
But live as rainbows live, that fade away
In broader glory and a brighter day.

THE EARLY DAY.

Five miles to meeting, forty miles to mill,
They backed the grists and traveled with a will;
By bridle path and trail and bark canoe
Dim as the twilight, noiseless as the dew;
Then back they came, the bright day turning brown,
And met the swarthy Mohawk coming down,
The forests roaring like the surf of seas,
The starlight tangled in the tops of trees,
Two fox-fire eyes betray the whiskered cat,
A flying blot—Saint Crispin's bird, the bat,
The tossing fire-fly's mockery of lamp,

And thought of home and Johnnycake and samp,
 A royal breed of tramps the fathers made,
 We knight them now with loving accolade !
 Right-handed men whichever hand you shook,
 Square-stepping men whatever way they took,
 Stout-hearted men whatever might betide,
 For duty ready 'till the day they died.
 Truth-loving men, their lettered tablets bore
 The first grave charge that ever mortal made,
 " HERE LIES," the marbles say, but might have said,
 " HERE LIES " the man who never lied before !

THEN AND NOW.

When Faxton drove his shining six-in-hand
 Of dappled grays along the Whitestown way
 With La Fayette the guest of all the land,
 He never dreamed the world would hail the day
 And drive the lightnings with a single line,
 Abolish time and space and everything
 But death, put all the planet in a wedding-ring,
 While East and West the concert tidings shine.
 When Parker's coach by swamp and corduroy
 That made its one score miles since early morn,
 Came lurching in amid the general joy
 And angry treble of the driver's horn,
 And brought six foolscap letters three weeks old
 Sealed with a moon and crackling in the fold
 Like thorns and hemlock in a log-heap fire,
 What would you have ? What more could man desire ?
 Did Parker think that creeping coach of his
 Might be a kind of drowsy chrysalis,
 That taking wing and clouding up with power
 Would make his day's long pull in half an hour ?
 Shoulder its wake as if it meant to fly,
 And leave its smoky track along the sky ?

THE WHITESTOWN COUNTRY FORTS.

Lo, Old Fort Schuyler in a grand disguise,
 The classic walls of " Hamilton " arise,
 The stately mother, of whose royal sons
 Six hundred manned the battlements of God.

Some bravely trained the Union's roaring guns
 And won their morning stars and went abroad.
 Some wore the ermine with unspotted fame,
 Some startled senates into loud acclaim,
 Three score turned chieftains of the Fourth Estate,
 And some unchalleng'd sit in glory's gate:
 And some lived lives of patience and of pain
 Serene and pure, but did not live in vain,
 As when still moonlight parts the leafy spray
 Along the dew-drops dawns a little day;
 For these, we know, there waits a rare renown
 And earth's acanthus turns Corinthian crown.
 I owe thee duty as my father's son,
 God make it noon until thy work is done!
 Saint Peter kept the keys of Paradise—
Thy Peter bids us look with mild surprise
 Upon the broods of callow worlds that blaze,
 Hatched out beneath his incubating gaze!
 These are the strong redoubts whence Science trains
 Her dumb artillery against the skies
 Where far Auriga drives his starry wains
 And brings down worlds to brighten dying eyes.
 Tho' Stanwix guns are rusted out and dumb—
 Onaida's hives with sons and daughters hum;
 These are the forts whose armaments command
 The dim blue range where waiting ages stand.
 Oh, strong redans, oh, garrisons of youth,
 Strike where you will, but always strike to truth.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

Unfold the wardrobe in the cedar chest,
 The weary week is done. The Sabbath rest
 Begins to-night and lasts all day to-morrow.
 Grant perfect peace without a dream of sorrow!
 From Indian Summer to the ides of May
 The house of God was one long winter's day,
 With nothing warmer than an April smile
 And small square foot-stoves tinkling up the aisle.
 The Elder preached in mittens and in cloak;
 While clouds of frosty breath around him broke,
 He told of fire, but no one ever thought
 How blest indeed to have some embers brought.

Celestial love and holy zeal alone
 Kept saints alive in that intemperate zone.
 There were the men that from their hemlock tents
 Defied the devil and the elements;
 And when their time for better homesteads came,
 Still nothing warmer than a candle's flame
 Relieved the rigor of the chambers, where
 The nail beads silvered in the Arctic air.
 Sometimes the brazen warming pan would sweep
 The linen parallelograms of sleep,
 Feel here and there the frosty corners out,
 But boys and girls went bouncing to their beds,
 Their cast-off garments flying all about
 Like wind-blown down from dandelion heads.
 Gone the old church and gone the reverent feet
 That made the threshold beautiful and sweet,
 And charmed the Sunday noontimes round the place
 With Christian comfort, carraway and grace.
 Across the road the fallow field of God,
 Unsown, untilled, unmourned and overgrown
 With tangled thistle, thorn and golden rod;
 Gone are the graves and inarticulate the stone.

Gone is the preacher with the braided queue,
 The velvet small clothes and the buckled shoe,
 The broad flapped coat, the continental hat,
 The broad bandanna and the broad cravat—
 Broad as "the road" of which he used to read,
 "And thousands walk together there." Indeed
 He wore the colors of the Flag all thro',
 Bandanna gave the red defiant hue,
 Cravat the white, Connecticut—the blue!

Ah, dead lips whisper like a field of wheat,
 Old China mourns "departing friends" once more,
 Slow clouds the crape along the mourners' seat,
 Front-face to God and sadly borne before,
 The solemn bell slow booming overhead,
 In rigid slumber come the shrouded dead.

THE OLD CHOIR.

The singing master's wooden pitch pipe blew
 A curlew note and all the singers flew.

Oh, fly again, sweet girls of Israel's choir
 And warble larklike up the tuneful stair.
 The fugues fled with fragments of the words,
 The meeting house was filled with singing birds
 Each with a note to make the nest complete,
 And named it Windham, Mear or Silver Street:
 Or else he "flushed" them with a two-tined fork,
 Picked up the key and grimly said, "Sing York!"
 Old Neptune's royal trident had not then
 Done baser duty for the sons of men,
 And two tined forks "pitched" melody and meat,
 Tossed the new hay and swung the bundled wheat.

No girls in seraph white and heavenly blue
 So sweetly sang as if they thought it true,
 "I want to be an Angel." If they might
 Turn birds of Paradise and take their flight,
 Each pair of wings a maiden should unfurl
 Would rob the world and not improve the girl.
 No gentle souls in penitential mood
 Before the congregation rose and stood,
 And sang confession, how "I love to steal,"
 No alto owned it with a joyous peal,
 No tenor told in music clear and strong.
 No grumbling bass to pass the crime along.
 No fair soprano bore the guilty story
 In sky-note carol to the gates of Glory.
 In those old days no line of real girls,
 Fun in their eyes and frolic in their curls,
 Stood forth and sang "I would not live away."
 Bless their dear hearts, we know they "care to stay."
 They sing it all with such delightful grace
 It brings a smile to Meditation's face;
 The three-score grief is not akin to youth's,
 The words are Rachel's but the lips are Ruth's.

Grief to the world, those crumbling wasp gray walls
 Were built too near the pure and perfect halls
 Of Paradise, the Canaan of the Blest.
 The pulpit stood, that sacred swallow's-nest,
 On border-land and boundary between
 That world and this, whence angels could be seen
 That beckoned mortals to the other side

With grace so rare they could not be denied,
No other gate but Death's and so they died.

STANWIX AND ORISKANY.

Plow, press and primer, pulpit, post and pen
Proclaimed abroad "good will and peace to men."
Sling up for once the axe beside the sword,
With helve and hilt in beautiful accord,
Halt, if you may, with talismanic word
The pioneers who marched in Freedom's van
One hundred years ago, and bid them, if you can,
Look back upon the realm thro' which they "blaze"
Their way to glory—regiments of maize
And high-tide gracious seas that never drown,
Where answered prayer for all the world is strown,
And countless flocks of homes that climb and crown
The vantage hills with all their towers and spires
That loom like castles, mount like sacred fires.
Fort Stanwix guns are dumb: no longer Death
Grins from embrasures blackened with their breath.
Appear, once more, immortal August day,
Let muskets rattle, busy batteries play—
Ye rifles blent with old Queen's arms fire true!
Fire low! fire fast! fire all! 'till woods turn blue
With bullet blasts, and the green mosses red
With such bad blood as Brants and Butlers shed—
See there, St. Leger's scalp-locked scarlet hordes,
Satanic bond of tomahawks and swords,
Scalps at their belts—such peltry quoted high,
A woman's hair ten dollars if she die!—
Gunpowder in their rum! —Sling off the drum!
Beat the long roll with cannon! Let them come!
Run up the flag above the parapet!
Those Stanwix colors strangest that had yet
Saluted, shrouded, rallied or defied.
Grew costlier far than coronation pride:
A soldier's shirt all scalloped into stars
Was stitched—"fixed" stars—upon a martial cloak
Of blue, and stripes of scarlet rags made Mars
Blush dingy red and bless the battle smoke.
Up with the garments! Valor's cast-off clothes
Can have no ending more sublime than those!

A sultry day, Oriskany, was thine,
Of wild red revelry and wasted wine.
In shivering woods the waltz of death began,
From tree to tree the dreadful circles ran,
'T was white to red, 't was death to man or man.
Death lurked behind each beech and maple shaft
Heroic soldiers took to woodman's craft,
The bullets whistled thick as driving rain,
The bayonets bristled like a hedge of cane,
The forest columns dotted dense with shot
Like bird's-eye maple when the wood is wrought.

Amid this hell rode Herkimer, as calm
As if he heard an old long-meter psalm—
Rode his "White Surry" with a swinging rein,
As if he loitered in a farm-yard lane;
Then tumbling headlong died the stricken steed,
Then fell the rider like a shattered reed.
They bore him bleeding to a fallen beech,
But sword and soul were both within his reach,
And there reclined he fought the battle thro'
With orders cool as if he never knew
That, every breath he drew, around him whirled
An instant summons to the other world.
And there he sat, and struck with arrow-head and knife
A spark; the tinder crinkled into life,
And then he calmly smoked as if he heard
The storks come home, old Holland's household bird!
I think this leads the Appomatox chief
Who made Havana roll historic leaf.
This was the Beulah Land to which men came
Who saw on Bunker's day the Charlestown flame
That flung its last red gleam along the seas
When British scarlet caught the homeward breeze;
Those men whose garments brought the powder smoke
Of Bennington; whom Yorktown cannon woke;
Charged six abreast through Sodom's dreadful rain
And swept like surf down Lundy's fiery Lane;
Dared the red lion, scorched him in his lair;
Crossed in the gloom historic Delaware.
This is the stock express and thoroughbred
That made the ribb'd earth tremble with its tread,

That answered "here!" when Freedom called the roll,
Went through the mills of God where death took toll,
A widow's thirds, a pension or a soul,
And dotted all the Whitestown Country through
Like spotted cambric with the Federal blue!

The Doge of Venice deemed it very grand
To wed the Adriatic with a ring.

The Whitestown Country saw a grander thing
When spades were trumps and Clinton played the hand
And played it through though Thomases decried,
And made the western wave Atlantic's bride.
Along that narrow water silent went
The Western glory of the continent;
Great States passed by, like shadows one by one,
That flaunt their sheaves against the setting sun.

Here dwelt the man who led the roll that signed
The Magna Charta Letter to mankind,
Here died the last of pensioners who drew,
Because their muskets made that Message true.
From first to last, from wilderness to prime,
The splendid lineage runs like perfect rhyme.
Weave them a wreath of palm and immortelle,
Ring them a chime on Time's centennial bell,
The Age strikes "one." God save us all. Farewell!

PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT.

Hon. Samuel Campbell then presented the monument to the village of Whitesboro, saying:

President Dunham:

A pleasing duty devolves on me that will occupy but a few moments of our time. We are now enjoying the fruition of our endeavors in making preparations for the event that brings us together to-day. That enduring monument will stand as a witness to tell the story of its origin to future generations, possibly for centuries. I hope it will be looked upon, not only as an ornament, but in some measure as relatively associated with your beautiful village that owes its beginning to the historic name on the tablet. Hugh White and family left their New England homes in May, 1784, to brave the dangers and vicissitudes of frontier life. Their new home took the appropriate name of the Whitestown country. We are now reaping the fruits of their hazardous enterprise.

I have now the honor, as chairman of the executive committee, with power, to transfer the care and keeping of the monument to the trustees of this village of which you are now the worthy president, and thereafter to your successors in office, which I trust will be cheerfully accepted.

Rev. Dr. M. E. Dunham, president of the village, accepted the monument in the following words:

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE.

BY REV. M. E. DUNHAM, D. D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Historical Committee:

In behalf of the citizens of Whitesboro, as represented by their Board of Trustees, I have the honor to accept the custodianship of the monument which your generosity has erected, dedicated and this day given into our care. It is natural that we should take pride in protecting it from injury, as it is to us, and will be to coming generations, a memento of the early settlement of this,

our beautiful village. It stands there a granite shaft, on a granite base, an imperishable epitome of history engraven on stone. We read that when the children of Israel made their wonderful passage through Jordan that their leader, Joshua, commanded twelve men, one from each tribe, to take each man a stone and deposit them in a heap, that these might be a sign among them, so that when their children should ask: What mean ye by these stones? they could recount to them the history of their passage through Jordan, dry shod, while the turbid waters stood waiting on either side, and thus perpetuate the record of this remarkable event. We have no record that the early settler of this place met with any such divine interposition on his journey hither—though he had two rivers to cross; but tradition says that he arrived here and pitched his tent on Saturday evening, spending the next day in the quietude of a New England Sabbath observance, amid the trees of the forest; and if this be true, then civilization entered upon the inheritance of this goodly land through the gateway of the Sabbath day, and thus hallowed the future that lay before it. And surely as it spread from this point westward, it went, not only to possess a land full of promise, but to bear the seeds of promise in itself which have borne wonderful fruitage in the temporal prosperity, Christian refinement and intellectual culture which rests as a crown of glory upon western New York to-day. You have, therefore, gentlemen, done an appropriate act in the erection of this granite monument, that when the children of coming generations look upon it and ask what it meaneth, there may be recounted to them what we have heard in the historical address to-day. Thus shall the events which transpired here one hundred years ago be kept fresh in memory and handed down through the coming centuries.

We congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the successful completion of this work you have undertaken. In reverence for the past you have erected a land-mark of its history for the contemplation of the future. Your work has been well done. Coming generations will thank you for it as we thank you to-day. On it is recorded the name of Hugh White, the first white settler in this then wilderness, who led the way of civilization to this fertile region and gave to it the name of Whitestown. To-day we honor the name he bequeathed. Once it covered a broad extent of territory, extending to the St. Lawrence on the north, to the lakes on the west, and to Pennsylvania on the south—as we

have been told; but as the population increased and spread, new colonies sought, like new married couples, to set up for themselves; and Whitestown, out of the generosity of her motherly heart, gave them a goodly territory, and let them set up for themselves under new names. Thus her own territory has been narrowed down into comparatively small limits. Still, gentlemen, she is Whitestown—proud of her name and content with her territory. She has been an indulgent mother, suffering her children to grow up into cities, while she has remained a modest township with modest villages. Nor does she envy them their thrift and prosperity. She will be content to remain with smiling farms and beautiful villages—unless some day the village that bears her name shall be seized with ambition and shall reach out her arms to take in the cities on her borders. But we trust that time may be far distant. Better in modest content to “bear the ills we suffer than fly to those we know not of.”

By your generous act, gentlemen, we have something that will be abiding. Once we had the distinction of being the center of business, of justice and of legal talent. But ambitious daughters, on either hand, became desirous of this distinction and we yielded to their demands by turning our jail into a peaceful dwelling and our court house into a town hall, because we believed that these ambitious daughters had more need of court houses and jails than we. With the yielding up of these we lost something of our prestige, but still retain the honor of our name. You have to-day given us something that our ambitious neighbors can not take from us—this granite monument. So in modest content we rest; with a name prominent on the page of history; with a manufactory of world-wide reputation and without a superior in its special field; and with a monument standing as a land mark for the ages to come. In behalf of the citizens of Whitestown I thank you for what you have done for us this day; and now after an intellectual feast of history, of rhetoric and of poetry, I invite you to a humbler but no less essential collation for the refreshment of the physical man. Please follow to your neighboring tent.

THE COLLATION.

The speakers of the day, members of the committee and the invited guests, headed by President Dunham and Hon. Samuel Campbell, with their wives, then marched in procession to the tents where the collation was spread.

South of the park on the Whiteher lot the large tents were spread, under which the invited guests were to feast. Thirteen long tables filled the space, at which plates were laid for seven hundred guests. The tent poles were handsomely twined with bunting, and their bases hidden in groups of house plants. Comfortable benches surrounded the tables. Baskets and vases of flowers decorated the board. The good taste shown in their selection and arrangement is due to the efforts of the floral committee, under the direction of Miss H. Gold Frost. Among the profusion of lilies, pansies, white and purple fleur de lis, many-colored tulips, and roses, was a basket crowned with a superb white lily, having the date, 1884, in black on a center of white pyrethrum, sent by Mrs. Merritt, from Rome. There were also a pretty basket of flowers from Mrs. A. R. MacKenzie, a vase of white callas, bunches of single and double peonies, and baskets of wild flowers, in which the white mandrake blossom was prominent. Mr. Benedict, of Yorkville, and Mr. Tunbridge, of Whitesboro, robbed their green-houses recklessly to make the tables bloom.

The collation comprised the usual menu of coffee and sandwiches with the addition of delicious pies and cakes, biscuit, pickles, coffee, fruits and cream. Rarely is a public collation so elaborately prepared and so attentively served. Fifty maidens in pink and white, assisted by some of the Whitestown lads and marshaled by Mrs. White, attended to the wants of the guests. By each plate was a favor of pansies and forget-me-nots, enveloped in a Japanese napkin. Across the south end of the tent over a line of bunting hung a green shield, on which was inscribed in white flowers, "1784—White—1884." This was afterwards presented to Hugh White.

The table committee, headed by Mrs. E. J. Mack, had provided ample accommodations for the nine hundred guests who partook of the collation. Among the ladies and gentlemen in the tent was a liberal sprinkling of gray heads, most of whom were closely con-

nected by family ties with the events of one hundred years ago. When the company were seated, President Dunham called upon Rev. R. L. Bachman, of Utica, to ask a blessing upon the feast. About an hour was then spent in doing justice to the collation.

The local committee of Whitestown promised to feed six hundred people. It performed far more than it promised, and fed about nine hundred people, including the bands and many of the older residents of Whitestown and surrounding towns. The village made a record for hospitality of which it may well be proud.

AFTER DINNER REMARKS.

At 3 P. M., Rev. M. E. Dunham, president of the village and toastmaster of the occasion, called the assemblage to order, and asked John F. Seymour to act for him.

Mr. Seymour said Henry A. Foster, of Rome, and others could not be present. He called on, as the first speaker, Judge Wetmore, of Pennsylvania.

Judge Wetmore said he was present because a descendant, a great grandson of Hugh White, the pioneer. His ancestors had left this locality and had gone to the wilderness of northern Pennsylvania. It was a good thing for children to go back to the hearthstones of their ancestors. It was a pleasure for him to look into the faces of the descendants of the Whites and Wetmores here. He complimented the people on their enterprise and thrift.

Rev. Thomas R. Gold Peck, of Waterville, was next called on. He said a little egotism on an occasion like this was pardonable. "It was in this dear old village of Whitesboro I first saw the light of the world, and was baptized by Rev. John Frost. Here I first attended school, and here I would come year after year when a resident of New York, to renew the wasted energies of city life." Mr. Peck spoke in a very pleasing manner of the old associations of the village. His grandfather, Thomas R. Gold, came here from Connecticut and established a law school. He sat in Congress and afterwards became government agent for the Indians. Rev. John Frost came here and married the eldest daughter of Thomas R. Gold, and the only direct descendant is Miss H. Gold Frost, who graces this occasion with her presence.

A large number of letters of regret had been received in response to invitations, sent to those having associations with this locality, but as there was not time then to read them all, or space now to print them, and as selections might be invidious, they are omitted. The following is a list of persons from whom regrets were received and their residences, the State being given, except New York:

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| H. G. Abbott, Utica. | Wm. F. Hovey, Chicago, Ill. |
| C. D. Adams, Utica. | John C. Hoyt, Utica. |
| Miss E. J. Alexander, Washington, D. C. | Robt. J. Hubbard, Cazenovia. |
| Mrs. Rosamond Barbour, Saratoga Spa. | Rev. T. B. Hudson, Clinton. |
| Charles W. Barnes, Buffalo. | Thos. G. Hull, Brookland, Pa. |
| Rev. Dr. Willis J. Beecher, Auburn. | Mrs. K. W. Hutchinson, Albion. |
| Hon. H. R. Bigelow, St. Paul, Minn. | E. R. Johnes, New York city. |
| J. L. Bissell, Waterville. | D. M. K. Johnson, Rome. |
| Charles A. Butler, Utica. | J. F. Kirkland, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. A. N. Brockway, New York city. | H. F. Locke, Waterville. |
| Lewis A. Brigham, New York city. | Jas. H. Loomis, Attica. |
| W. B. Camp, Sacketts Harbor. | Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop, Boston, Mass. |
| Hon. Horace Capron, Washington, D. C. | Chas. J. Lowery, Brooklyn. |
| Hon. John D. Caton, Ottawa, Ill. | Rt. Rev. Theo. Lyman, Raleigh, N. C. |
| T. D. Catlin, Ottawa, Ill. | Prof. E. North, Ham. College, Clinton. |
| Hovey K. Clarke, Detroit, Mich. | A. D. Neal, Paris. |
| His Exc. Grover Cleveland, Albany. | Chas. A. Olmstead, Lockport. |
| Ezra Chapman, Oneida. | Frank W. Owen, Boonville. |
| Mrs. Clifton, Washington, D. C. | Dr. J. E. Peck, St. Augustine, Fla. |
| John Constable, New York city. | H. D. Peck, Staunton, Va. |
| Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, Buffalo. | Merritt Peckham, Utica. |
| Hon. Alfred C. Coxe, Utica. | Mrs. H. M. Peckham, Toledo, Ohio. |
| John J. Crouse, Syracuse. | Hon. F. D. Penniman, Honesdale, Pa. |
| Mrs. John Crouse, Syracuse. | Rev. G. F. Plummer, Portland, Oregon. |
| H. W. Dawley, Guelph, Canada. | Hon. W. C. Pierrepont, Pierrepont |
| Rev. James Deane, Crown Point. | Manor. |
| George Doolittle, Washington, D. C. | Dr. W. A. Pierrepont, Brooklyn. |
| L. M. Drury, Canandaigua. | Mrs. Susan Porter, Cohoes. |
| Hon. C. E. Flandrau, St. Paul, Minn. | Dr. H. C. Potter, East Saginaw, Mich. |
| William Floyd, Westernville. | Geo. Putnam, Waterville. |
| Joseph Foreman, Lima. | Hon. Chas. Rhodes, Oswego. |
| John E. Frost, Topeka, Kan. | C. H. Roosevelt, New Rochelle. |
| Hon. H. A. Foster, Rome. | Hon. John Sayles, Brenham, Tex. |
| John P. Garrett, South Trenton. | Norman Seymour, Mt. Morris. |
| E. A. Graham, Utica. | Com. M. Sicard, Washington, D. C. |
| Hon. S. Hastings Grant, New York city. | Geo. J. Sicard, Buffalo. |
| T. F. Hand, Oneida. | Aaron Stafford, Waterville. |
| T. P. Handy, Cleveland, Ohio. | S. H. Stafford, Oneida. |
| Dr. P. M. Hastings, Hartford, Conn. | Wm. K. Tibbits, Galesburg, Ill. |
| Dr. J. W. Hitchcock, Mt. Vernon, Ill. | Charlemagne Tower, Philadelphia, Pa. |

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| John C. Van Rensselaer, Rensselaer, Ind. | Jas. H. White, Port Huron, Mich. |
| H. C. Van Schaack, Manlius. | Edgar White, Port Huron, Mich. |
| Cornelius Van Santvoord, New York city. | Philo White, San Francisco, Cal. |
| B. S. Walcott, New York city. | Robt. S. White, San Francisco, Cal. |
| S. E. Warner, New York city. | Canvass White, Perth Amboy, N. J. |
| H. P. Willard, Boonville. | Mrs. Hugh White, Cohoes. |
| James C. Wetmore, Elizabeth, N. J. | Hon. Peter White, Marquette, Mich. |
| Rev. W. W. Wetmore, Plymouth, Mich. | E. B. Wood, San Jose, Cal. |
| L. G. Wetmore, Ontario, Ill. | Rev. Albert S. Wood, Rensselaer Falls. |
| Mrs. Myra A. Wheeler, Kent, Conn. | Wm. C. Young, New York city. |
| Louis Wilhelmi, Ft. Grant, Arizona. | Wm. S. Young, Buffalo. |
| Erskine N. White, New York city. | W. Edward Young, Buffalo. |
| Alexander M. White, Brooklyn. | Mr. and Mrs. Caryl Young, Chicago, Ill. |

Dr. Bagg read an old poem entitled "The Whitestown Rove," furnished by Mrs. D. B. Peck, of Marshall, with the following explanation:

"Reading about the Whitestown celebration I am led to send you an old time song which has been recited to me, from memory, by Mrs. Almira Barton, of Waterville, aged 81, widow of the late David Barton, one of the earliest settlers of this town, and sister of Mr. George B. Peck, of Marshall. Mrs. Barton says she memorized the words when a child, over 70 years ago, from hearing her blind aunt, Miss Roxanna Peck, sing them. It was called the 'Whitestown Rove,' and was composed in 1780, by those who, during the Revolutionary war, had been impressed with the fertility and beauty of the upper Mohawk region, as an invitation or exhortation to settlers to make their home in White's Town. Mrs. Barton is not aware that the lines were ever printed, and thinks the last line of each stanza was spoken. As a product of memory, and as a description of the physical and animal Whitestown of a hundred years ago, rather than as poetry, the song is as interesting as quaint."

"THE WHITESTOWN ROVE," 1780.

"Come all ye laboring hands
That toil below
Among the rocks and sands,
To plow and sow.
Come, and quit your hired lands
Let out by cruel hands;
You'll make large amends—
(If you'll to Whitestown go.)

“ There’s many a pleasant farm
Lies on that vale;
Where you can settle down,
You need not fail—
You’ll make a large estate—
(So don’t come too late.)

“ Our cows they give us milk,
By nature fed;
Our fields afford us wheat
And corn for bread.
Oh! the sugar trees do stand
And sweeten all the land,
We have them at our hand—
(So do not fear.)

“ The pigeon, goose and duck,
To fill our beds;
The beaver, coon and fox,
To crown our heads.
Oh! the harmless moose and deer
Make food and clothes to wear;
(Nature could do no more for any land.)

“ There stand the lofty pines—
They make a show!
As straight as any lines
Their bodies grow,
And their lofty limbs do rear
Up to the atmosphere
Where winged tribes repair;
(And most sweetly sing.)

William Kirkpatrick of Syracuse, grandson of William Kirkpatrick, who came to Whitestown eleven years after Hugh White, was next called on. He said the Onondagas sent greeting to the Oneidas. They still kept the fires burning brightly at their councils. In a few years the Onondagas would celebrate their centennial, and the Oneidas would then find the old long house open at both ends. His ancestor had lived here eleven years, and had represented this district in Congress. The speaker gave an interesting sketch of his ancestor, which was closely listened to.

Mr. Seymour spoke of Captain Avery, who formerly lived in Whitestown, and whose daughter, Mrs. Hannah Avery Clark, lives at Utica with her son, George A. Clark. Captain Avery was a clergyman, who raised a company to fight in the Revolution.

Horace P. Bigelow of Waterville, spoke pleasantly of the great progress made by the country during the past one hundred years.

Professor A. G. Hopkins of Hamilton College, was next called on and spoke of the value of preserving the history of towns. The history of Kirkland had been well written, and it was appropriate that the history of Whitestown should also be.

Hon. David Gray of Marey, was called on and said he was no more prepared to make a speech than he was to make a balloon ascension. He had known the people of Whitestown for sixty-five years, and had great respect for them. In the old days it was a custom for any one called on at a dinner, to make a speech, tell a story, or sing a song. He would conform to the custom by telling a story. This he did in most interesting style.

Hon. Samuel Earl of Herkimer, spoke interestingly of the relations of Herkimer and Oneida counties. The first county clerk of Herkimer county lived in Whitestown, which was the county seat. Although Herkimer was sixty years older than Whitestown, Whitestown within six or seven years took the lead in public spirit and enterprise. He read extracts from the diary of a lawyer who visited Whitestown in 1792, which showed that at that time Whitestown was quite gay.

Rev. Dr. D. G. Corey said he never heard so many good things said about a people as he had heard about the Whitestown people to-day. If they were not proud, it was because they possessed an extra amount of humility. Soon after the settlement of the town, a young lady came here from Connecticut. After remaining for a time she returned to Connecticut and gave most glowing accounts of the new western country. The only objection which she had to the place was that the people were all democrats. The chairman (Mr. Seymour) labored under the same difficulty.

He moved a vote of thanks to the ladies whose ministrations had been so faithful and who had done so much to make the visitors happy to-day.

The motion was unanimously carried.

Professor A. J. Upson spoke of the old elms of the village. He said his step-father was James Dean, who told him that when he was fourteen years old, just eighty years ago, he saw the elms planted in front of the residence of J. C. Smith, formerly the Judge Platt and S. Newton Dexter house.

Mr. Seymour read a poem entitled "Twenty Years Ago," written by Thomas Gold, Jr., son of Thomas R. Gold.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered by the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school-house playing ground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom, barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay,
The "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you've played it oft with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives by throwing so and so.
The loser had a task to do then—twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows by its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less wide,
But the grape vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the bean
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—full twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech.
Is very low—'t was once so high, that we could almost reach,
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just below it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties,
I visited the old churchyard and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some now are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class excepting you and me;
And when our time has come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they 'll lay us where we played some twenty years ago.

Rev. E. H. Payson of Oneida, said it was his privilege to be the pastor of the first Presbyterian church of Whitestown, which was not then Whitesboro. He was acquainted with all the pastors of the town from the time of John Frost to the present day. He wished to say a word for Judge Jedediah Sanger, one of the most prominent and best men of New Hartford, then Whitestown, who held court in a barn.

Mr. Seymoar. Didn't they pass whisky around after court adjourned?

Rev. Mr. Payson. Undoubtedly they did, especially if Mr. Sanger was a democrat. [Laughter.]

Amos O. Osborn of Waterville, said his town (Sangerfield) was named after Judge Sanger, and in recognition of the honor, Judge Sanger gave the people a barrel of whisky or rather a cask of rum. Benjamin White first settled the town of Sangerfield, but he was not a relative of the Whites of Whitestown.

Hon. S. S. Lowery spoke briefly and pleasantly.

Rev. Mr. Conkling of Rochester, followed with a few remarks.

Hon. William J. Bacon spoke pleasantly of Whitestown. He remembered it when he was but eight years old, as a very pretty little village. He remembered its old court house, where the lawyers of the county engaged in legal struggles, and at the end of the day's work gathered around the large open fire place of the tavern and told stories. He tried his first case in that court house, and gave a very interesting account of it.

William W. Niles of New York, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the children of Oneida, in centennial celebration assembled, be extended to Hon. Charles Tracy, for his delightful, exhaustive and eloquent address; and that a copy be requested for publication and preservation.

Resolved, That we have listened with great interest to the dedicatory address, by Rev. Anson J. Upson, D. D. That it has renewed in us our reverence for our ancestors, and our love for our "kith and kin," and awakens us to a fuller realization of our duties, our responsibilities, our influence and our position.

Resolved, That a copy be requested for publication.

Resolved, That the æsthetic, historic and poetic verses by Benjamin F. Taylor have added largely to the pleasure and completeness of this occasion, and that a copy be requested for publication.

William M. White offered the following, which were also adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to our chairman, Hon. Samuel Campbell, for the active, energetic and earnest interest he has manifested in making the centennial of Whitestown a success, and securing this monument as a memorial of the settlement of the town.

Resolved, That our thanks are also due to Dr. M. M. Bagg for his personal zeal and devotion in the arrangements for our celebration, and in summoning the children of Oneida county to commemorate their ancestors and their origin. And also to Thomas Foster for his efficient and successful labors as chairman of the finance committee. And last, but not least,

Resolved, That we cordially thank the people of Whitestown and their representatives, and especially the ladies of Whitesboro, for the cordial, hearty, substantial welcome given us, their guests, on this reunion of old friends and renewal of old memories.

The afternoon's exercises closed at 4.30 P. M., all present having enjoyed themselves heartily.

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